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From Fraser's Magazine.

KING HENRY'S HUNT.

A BALLAD.

KING HENRY stood in Waltham Wood,
One morn in merry May-time;
Years fifteen hundred thirty-six,
From Christ had roll'd away time.

King Henry stood in Waltham Wood,
All young green, sunny-shady.
He would not mount his pawing horse,
Though men and dogs were ready.

"What ails his Highness? Up and down
In moody sort he paceth;
He is not wont to be so slack,
Whatever game he chaseth."

He paced and stopp'd; he paced and turn'd;
At times he igly mutter'd;
He pull'd his girdle, twitch'd his beard;
But not one word he utter'd.

The hounds in couples nosed about,
Or on the sward lay idle;
The huntsmen stole a fearful glance,
While fingering girth or bridle.

Among themselves, but not too loud,
The young lords laugh'd and chatter'd,
Or broke a branch of hawthorn-bloom,
As though it nothing matter'd.

King Henry sat on a fell'd oak,
With gloomier eyes and stranger;
His brows were knit, his lip he bit;
To look that way was danger.

Mused he on pope and emperor?
Denied them and defied them?
Or traitors in his very realm
Complotting?—woe betide them!

Suddenly on the south-west wind,
Distinct though distant, sounded
A cannon shot,—and to his feet
The king of England bounded.

"My horse!" he shouts,— "Uncouple now!"
And all were quickly mounted.
A hind was found; man, horse, and hound
Like furious demons hunted.

Fast fled the deer by grove and glade,
The chase did faster follow;
And every wild-wood alley rang
With hunter's horn and hollo.

Away together stream'd the hounds;
Forward press'd every rider.
You're free to slay a hind in May,
If there's no calf beside her.

King Harry rode a mighty horse,
His Grace being broad and heavy,
And like a stormy wind he crash'd
Through copse and thicket leavy.

He rode so hard, and roar'd so loud,
All men his course avoided;
The fiery steed, long held on fret,
With many a snort enjoy'd it.

The hind was kill'd, and down they sat
To flagon and to pasty.
"Ha, by Saint George, a noble prince!
Tho' hot, by times, and hasty."

Lord Norfolk knew, and other few,
Wherefore that chase began on
The signal of a gun far off,
One growl of distant cannon,—

And why so jovial grew his Grace,
That erst was sad and sullen:
With that boom from the tower, had fall'n
The head of fair Anne Bullen.

Her neck, which Henry used to kiss,
The bloody axe did sever;
Their little child, Elizabeth,
She'll see no more forever.

Gaily the king for Greenwich rides;
Each moment makes his glee more;
He thinks—"To-morrow I'm betrothed,
At last, to young Jane Seymour!"

The sunshine falls, the wild-bird calls,
Across the slopes of Epping;
From grove to glade, through light and shade,
The troops of deer are stepping.

W. A.

From The Fortnightly Review.

LORD ALTHORPE AND THE REFORM ACT OF 1832.

"ALTHORPE carried the bill," such is the tradition of our fathers, "the bill," of course, being *the* bill to them—the great Reform Act of 1832, which was like a little revolution in that generation,—which really changed so much, and which seemed to change so much more. To have been mainly concerned in passing so great a measure seems to many of the survivors of that generation, who remember the struggles of their youth and recall the enthusiasm of that time, almost the *acme* of fame. And in sober history such men will always be respectfully and gravely mentioned, but all romance has died away. *The bill* is to us hardly more than other bills; it is one of a great many acts of Parliament which in this day, partly for good and partly for evil, have altered the ever-varying constitution of England. The special charm, the charm which to the last you may see that Macaulay always felt about it, is all gone. The very history of it is forgotten. Which of the younger generation can say what was General Gascoigne's amendment, or who were the "waverers," or even how many Reform "Bills" in those years there were? The events for which one generation cares most are often those of which the next knows least. They are too old to be matters of personal recollection, and they are too new to be subjects of study: they have passed out of memory, and they have not got into the books. Of the well-informed young people about us, there are very many who scarcely know who Lord Althorpe was.

And in another respect this biography has been unfortunate. It has been kept too long. The Reform Act of 1867 has shed a painful light on the Reform Act of 1832, and has exhibited in real life what philosophers said were its characteristic defects. While these lingered in the books they were matters of dull teaching, and no one cared for them; but now Mr. Disraeli has embodied them, and they are living among us. The traditional sing-song of mere eulogy is broken by a sharp question. Those who study that time

say, "Althorpe, you tell us, passed the Bill. It was his frankness and his high character and the rest of his great qualities which did it. But was it good that he should have passed it? Would it not have been better if he had not possessed these fine qualities? Was not some higher solution possible? Knowing this bill by its fruits, largely good, but also largely evil, might we not have had a better bill? At any rate, if it could not be so, show *why* it could not be so. Prove that the grave defects in the Act of 1832 were necessary defects. Explain how it was that Althorpe had no choice, and then we will admire him as you wish us." But to this biographer—a man of that time, then in the House of Commons on the Whig side, and almost, as it were, on the skirts of the bill—such questions would have seemed impossible. To him the Act of 1832 is still wonderful and perfect—the great measure which *we* carried in *my* youth; and as for explaining defects in it, he would have as soon thought of explaining defects in a revelation.

But if ever Lord Althorpe's life is well written, it will, I think, go far to explain not only why the Reform Bill was carried, but why that bill is what it was. He embodies all the characteristic virtues which enable Englishmen to effect well and easily great changes in politics: their essential fairness, their "large round-about common sense," their courage, and their disposition rather to give up something than to take the uttermost farthing. But on the other hand also he has all the characteristic English defects: their want of intellectual and guiding principle, their even completer want of the culture which would give that principle, their absorption in the present difficulty, and their hand-to-mouth readiness to take what solves it without thinking of other consequences. And I am afraid the moral of those times is that these English qualities as a whole—merits and defects together—are better suited to an early age of politics than to a later. As long as materials are deficient, these qualities are most successful in hitting off simple expedients, in adapting old things to new uses, and in extending ancient customs; they are fit for

instantaneous little creations, and admirable at bit-by-bit growth. But when, by the incessant application of centuries, these qualities have created an accumulated mass of complex institutions, they are apt to fail; unless aided by others very different. The instantaneous origination of obvious expedients is of no use when the field is already covered with the heterogeneous growth of complex past expedients; bit-by-bit development is out of place unless you are sure which bit should and which bit should not be developed; the extension of customs may easily mislead when there are so many customs; no immense and involved subject can be set right except by faculties which can grasp what is immense and scrutinize what is involved. But mere common sense is here matched with more than it can comprehend, like a schoolboy in the differential calculus;—and absorption in the present difficulty is an evil, not a good, for what is wanted is that you should be able to see many things at once, and take in their bearings, not fasten yourself on one thing. The characteristic danger of great nations, like the Romans or the English, which have a long history of continuous creation, is that they may at last fail from not comprehending the great institutions which they have created.

No doubt it would be a great exaggeration to say that this calamity happened in its fulness in the year 1832, and it would be most unfair to Lord Althorpe to cite him as a complete example of the characteristics which may cause it; but there was something in him of those qualities, and some trace in 1832 of that calamity—enough in both cases to be a warning. Only a complete history of the time can prove this; but perhaps in a few pages I may a little explain and illustrate it.

Let us first get, both as more instructive and as less tedious than analysis, a picture of the man as he stood in the principal event of his life. A good drawer has thus painted him. Lord Jeffrey, the great Edinburgh Reviewer, who was an able lawyer and practical man of business in his day, though his criticism on party has not stood the test of time, was lord advocate in the Reform ministry of 1830, and he is

never tired of describing Lord Althorpe: "There is something," he writes, "to me quite delightful in his calm, clumsy, courageous, immutable probity, and it seems to have a charm for everybody." "I went to Althorpe," he writes, "again, and had a characteristic scene with that most honest, frank, true, and stout-hearted of God's creatures. He had not come down-stairs, and I was led up to his dressing-room, with his arms (very rough and hairy) bare above the elbows, and his beard half shaved and half staring through the lather, with a desperate razor in one hand, and a great soap-brush in the other. He gave me the loose finger of his brush-hand, and with the usual twinkle of his bright eye and radiant smile, he said, 'You need not be anxious about your Scotch bills to-night, for we are no longer his Majesty's ministers.'" And soon after he writes again, at an after stage of the ministerial crisis, "When they came to summon Lord Althorpe to a council on the duke's giving in, he was found in a shed with a groom busy oiling the locks of his fowling-pieces, and lamenting the decay into which they had fallen during his ministry." And on another occasion he adds what may serve as an intellectual accompaniment to these descriptions, "Althorpe, with his usual frankness, gave us a pretended confession of his political faith, and a sort of creed of his political morality, and showed that though it was a very shocking doctrine to promulgate, he must say that he had never sacrificed his own inclinations to a sense of duty without repenting it, and always found himself more substantially unhappy for having employed himself for the public good." And some one else at the time said, "The Government cannot be going out, for Althorpe looks so very dismal." He was made (as we learn from this volume) a principal minister, contrary to his expectation and in opposition to his wish. He was always wanting to resign; he was always uncomfortable, if not wretched, and the instant he could he abandoned politics, and would never touch them again, though he lived for many years. And this, though in appearance he was most successful, and was almost idolized by his followers and friends.

At first this seems an exception to one of nature's most usual rules. Almost always, if she gives a great faculty she gives also an enjoyment in the use of it. But here nature had given a remarkable power of ruling and influencing men—one of the most remarkable (good observers seem to say) given to any Englishman of that generation; and yet the possessor did not like, but on the contrary, much disliked to use it. The explanation, however, is, that not only had nature bestowed on Lord Althorpe this happy and great gift of directing and guiding men, but, as if by some subtle compensation, had added what was, under the circumstances, a great pain to it. She had given him a most sluggish intellect—only moving with effort, and almost suffering,—generally moving clumsily, and usually following, not suggesting. If you put a man with a mind like this—especially a sensitive, conscientious man such as Lord Althorpe was—to guide men quickly through complex problems of legislation and involved matters of science, no wonder that he will be restive and wish to give up. No doubt the multitude wish to follow him; but where is he to tell the multitude to go? His mind suggests nothing, and there is a pain and puzzle in his brain.

Fortune and education had combined in Lord Althorpe's case to develop his defects. His father and mother were both persons of great cultivation, but they were also busy people of the world, and so they left their son to pick up his education as he could. A Swiss footman, who did not know English very well, taught him to read, and "was his sole instructor and most intimate associate till he went to Harrow." His father, too, being a great fox-hunter, he clearly cared more, and was more occupied with hounds and animals, as a young boy, than with anything else; and he lived mainly with servants and people also so occupied, from which, as might be expected, he contracted a shyness and awkwardness which stayed with him through life. When he went to Harrow the previous deficiencies of his education were, of course, against him, and he seems to have shown no particular disposition to repair them. As far as can now

be learned he was an ordinary strong-headed and strong-willed English boy, equal to necessary lessons, but not caring for them, and only distinguished from the rest by a certain suppressed sensibility and tenderness, which he also retained in after years, and which softened a manliness that would otherwise have been rugged, and which saved him from being unrefined.

At Cambridge his mother, as it appears, suddenly, and for the first time, took an interest in his studies, and told him she should expect him to be high at his first college examination. And this seems to have awakened him to industry. The examination was on mathematics, which suited him much better than the Harrow classics, and he really came out high in it. The second year it was the same, though he had good competitors. But there his studies ended. His being a nobleman at that time excluded him from the university examinations, and he was far too apathetic to work at mathematics, except for something of the sort, and his tutor seems to have discouraged his doing so. Then, as since, the bane of Cambridge has been a certain incomplete and rather mean way of treating great studies, which teaches implicitly, if not plainly, that it was as absurd to learn the differential calculus in and for itself as it would be to keep a ledger for its own sake. On such a mind as Lord Althorpe's, which required as much as possible to be awakened and kept awake to the interest of high studies, no external surroundings could have been more fatal. He threw up his reading and took to hounds, betting, and Newmarket, and to all which was then, even if not since, thought to be most natural, if not most proper, in a young nobleman.

As far as classical studies are concerned he probably lost nothing. He was through life very opaque to literary interests, and in his letters and speeches always used language in the clumsiest way. But he had—perhaps from his childish field-sports—a keen taste for animals and natural history, which nowadays would have been developed into a serious pursuit. And as it was he had an odd craving for figures, which might have been made

something of in mathematics. "He kept," we are told, "an account of every shot he fired in the course of a year, whether he missed or killed, and made up the book periodically." He would not pass the accounts of the Agricultural Society without hunting for a missing threepence; and when chancellor of the exchequer he used, it is said, "to do all his calculations, however complicated, alone in his closet," which his biographer thinks very admirable, and contrasts with the habit of Mr. Pitt, "who used to take a treasury clerk into his confidence," but which was really very absurd. It is not by such mechanical work that great budgets are framed, and a great minister ought to know what *not* to do himself, and how to use, for everything possible, the minds of others. Still there is much straightforward strength in this, if also some comic dullness.

If Lord Althorpe's relatives did not give him a very good education, they did not make up for it by teaching him light accomplishments. They sent him the "grand tour," as it was then called; but he was shy and awkward, seems to have had no previous preparation for foreign society, would not go into it, and returned boasting that he could not speak French. His mother—a woman of great fashion and high culture—must have sighed very much over so uncourtly and so "English" an eldest son.

Then, in the easy way of those times—it was 1804—he was brought into Parliament for Okehampton, a nomination borough, some "Mr. Strange," a barrister, retiring in his favor, and his interest being strong, he was made a lord of the treasury. But the same apathy to intellectual interests which showed itself at college clung to him here also. He showed energy, but it was not the energy of a man of business. He passed, we are told, "the greatest part of his time in the country, and when he attended at the treasury, which was very rarely, and only on particular occasions to make up a board, he returned home immediately afterwards. Indeed, he used to have horses posted on the road from London to Althorpe, and often rode down at night, as soon as the House had risen, in order that he might hunt with the Pytchley the next morning." "On these occasions," says another account, "he had no sleep, and often the hacks which he rode would fall down on the road." And years afterwards the old clerks of the office used to tell of the rarity and brevity of his visits to the department, and of the difficulty of getting him to stay; all which shows force and

character, but still not the sort of character which would fit a man to be chancellor of the exchequer. But though he had much of the want of culture, Lord Althorpe had none of the unfeelingness which also the modern world is getting somehow to attach to the character of the systematic sportsman. On the contrary, he was one of the many instances which prove that this character may be combined with an extreme sensibility to the sufferings of animals and man. He belonged to the class of men in whom such feelings are far keener than usual, and his inner character approached to the "Arnold type," "for to hear of cruelty or injustice pained him" almost "like a blow."

He, it seems, kept a hunting journal, which tells how his hounds found a fox at Parson's Hill, and "ran over old Naseby field to Althorpe in fifty minutes, and then, after a slight check, over the finest part of Leicestershire;" and all that sort of thing. But probably it does not tell one very natural consequence which happened to him from such a life. Being a somewhat uncouth person, addicted to dogs and horses—a "man's man," as Thackeray used to call it—he did not probably go much into ladies' society, and was not very aggressive when he was there. But men who do not make advances to women are apt to become victims to women who make advances to them, and so it was with Lord Althorpe. He married a Miss Acklom, a "Diana Vernon" sort of person, "rather stout, and without pretension to regular beauty;" but nevertheless, it is said, "with something prepossessing about her—clever, well-read, with a quick insight into the character of others, and with much self-dependence." And this self-dependence and thought she showed to her great advantage in the principal affair of her life. Lord Althorpe's biographer is sure, but does not say how, that the first declaration of love was made by the lady; he was, it seems, too shy to think of such a thing. As a rule, marriages in which a young nobleman is actively captured by an aggressive lady are not domestically happy, though they may be socially useful, but in this case the happiness seems to have been exceptionally great; and when she died, after a few years, he suffered a very unusual grief. "He went," we are told, "at once to Winton, the place where he had lived with her, and passed several months in complete retirement, finding his chief occupation in reading the Bible," in which he found, at first, many grave difficulties, such as the mention of the constel-

lation "Orion" by the prophet Amos, and the high place (an equality with Job and David) given by Ezekiel to the prophet Daniel when still a young man, "and before he had proved himself to be a man of so great a calibre as he certainly did afterwards." On these questions, he adds, "I have consulted a Mr. Shepherd, the clergyman here, but his answers are not satisfactory." Happily, however, such a man is not at the mercy of clergymen's answers, nor upon petty details of ancient prophets. The same sensibility which made him keenly alive to justice and injustice in things of this world went further, and told him of a moral government in things not of this world. No man of or near the Arnold species was ever a sceptic as to, far less an unbeliever in, ultimate religion. New philosophies are not wanted or appreciated by such men, nor are book arguments of any real use, though these men often plod over them as if they were; for in truth an inner teaching supersedes everything, and for good or evil closes the controversy; no discussion is of any effect or force; the court of appeal, fixed by nature in such minds, is peremptory in belief, and will not hear of any doubt. And so it was in this case. Through life Lord Althorpe continued to be a man strong, though perhaps a little crude, in religious belief; and thus gained at the back of his mind a solid seriousness which went well with all the rest of it. And his grief for his wife was almost equally durable. He gave up not only society, which perhaps was no great trial, but also hunting — not because he believed it to be wrong, but because he did not think it seemly or suitable that a man after such a loss should be so very happy as he knew that hunting would make him.

Soon after his marriage he had begun to take an interest in politics, especially on their moral side, and of course the increased seriousness of his character greatly augmented it. Without this change, though he might have thought he might have been occasionally useful in outlying political questions, probably he would have had no grave political career, and his life never would have been written. But the sort of interest which he took in politics requires some explanation, for though his time is not very long ago, the change of feeling since then is vast.

"If any person," said Sir Samuel Romilly, the best of judges, for he lived through the times and was mixed up, heart and soul, in the matters he speaks of, "if any person be desirous of having an adequate idea of the mischievous effects which

have been produced in this country by the French Revolution and all its attendant horrors, he should attempt some reforms on humane and liberal principles. He will then find not only what a stupid spirit of innovation, but what a savage spirit, it has infused into the minds of his countrymen." And very naturally, for nothing is so cruel as fear. A whole generation in England, and indeed in Europe, was so frightened by the Reign of Terror that they thought it could only be prevented by another Reign of Terror. The Holy Alliances, as they were then called, meant this and worked for this. Though we had not in name such an alliance in England, we had a state of opinion which did the work of one without one. Nine-tenths of the English people were above all things determined to put down "French principles," and unhappily "French principles" included what we should all now consider obvious improvements and rational reforms. They would not allow the most cruel penal code which any nation ever had to be mitigated; they did not wish justice to be questioned; they would not let the mass of the people be educated, or at least only so that it came to nothing; they would not alter anything which came down from their ancestors, for in their terror they did not know but there might be some charmed value even in the most insignificant thing; and after what they had seen happen in France, they feared that if they changed a single iota all else would collapse.

Upon this generation, too, came the war passion. They waged, and in the main — though with many errors — waged with power and spirit, the war with Napoleon; and they connected this with their horror of liberal principles in a way which is now very strange to us, but which was very powerful then. We know now that Napoleon was the head of a conservative reaction, a bitter and unfeeling reaction, just like that of the contemporary English; but the contemporary English did not know this. To the masses of them he was *Robespierre à cheval*, as some one called him — a sort of Jacobin waging war, in some occult way, for liberty and revolution, though he called himself emperor. Of course the educated few gradually got more or less to know that Napoleon hated Jacobins and revolution, and liberty too, as much as it is possible to hate them; but the ordinary multitude, up to the end of the struggle, never dreamed of it. Thus in an odd way the war passion of the time strengthened its conservative feeling; and in a

much more usual way it did so too, for it absorbed men's minds in the story of battles and the glory of victories, and left no unoccupied thought for gradual improvement and dull reform at home. A war time, also, is naturally a harsh time; for the tale of conflicts which sometimes raises men above pain, also tends to make men indifferent to it; the familiarity of the idea ennobles but also hardens.

This savageness of spirit was the more important because, from deep and powerful economical agencies, there was an incessant distress running through society, sometimes less and sometimes more, but always, as we should now reckon, very great. The greatest cause of this was that we were carrying on, or trying to carry on, a system of free trade under a restrictive tariff: we would not take foreign products, and yet we wished to sell foreigners ours. And our home market was incessantly disordered. First the war and then the corn-laws confined us chiefly to our own soil for our food, but that soil was of course liable to fail in particular years, and then the price of food rose rapidly, which threw all other markets into confusion — for people must live first, and can only spend the surplus, after paying the cost of living, upon everything else. The fluctuations in the demand for our manufactures at home were ruinously great, though we were doing all we could to keep them out of foreign markets, and the combined effect was terrible. And the next great cause was that we were daily extending an unprecedented system of credit without providing a basis for it, and without knowing how to manage it. There was no clear notion that credit, being a promise to pay cash, must be supported by proportionate reserves of cash held in store; and that as bullion is the international cash, all international credit must be sustained by a store of bullion. In consequence all changes for the worse, in trade, whether brought on by law or nature, caused a destruction of confidence, and diffused an uneasy moral feeling which made them far worse than they would have been otherwise. The immense fluctuations in our commerce, caused by protection, were aggravated by immense fluctuations in our credit, and the combined result was unspeakably disastrous.

During the French war these causes were not so much felt. Trade was better, because we were creating a foreign market for ourselves. Just as lately, by lending to a miscellaneous mass of foreign

countries, we enabled those countries to buy of us, so in the great war, by large subsidies and huge foreign expenditure, we created a "purchasing power" which was ultimately settled in our manufactures. We had nothing else to settle it with; if we did not send them direct, we must use them to buy the bullion, or whatever else it might be which we did send indirectly. This "war demand," of which so much is said in the economical literature of those years, of course ceased at the peace; and as we declined to take foreign products in exchange for ours, no substitute for it could be found, and trade languished in consequence. Agriculture, too, was worse after the peace, for the natural protection given by the war was far more effective than the artificial protection given by the corn-laws. The war kept out corn almost equally whatever was the price, but the corn-laws were based on the "sliding scale," which let in the corn when it became dear. Our farmers, therefore, were encouraged to grow more corn than was enough for the country in good years, which they could not sell; and they did not get a full price in bad years, for the foreign corn came in more and more as the price rose and rose. Though the protection availed to hurt the manufacturer, it was not effectual in helping the farmer. And the constant adversity of other interests, by a reflex action, also hurt him. Committees on agricultural distress, and motions as to the relief of trading distress, alternate in the Parliamentary debates of those years. Our credit system, too, was in greater momentary danger after the peace than before; for during the war it was aided by a currency of inconvertible paper, which absolved us from the necessity of paying our promises in solid cash, though at very heavy cost in other ways, both at the instant and afterwards.

These fluctuations in trade and agriculture of course told on the condition of the working classes. They were constantly suffering, and then the "savage spirit" of which Sir Samuel has spoken showed itself at its worst. Suffering, as usual, caused complaint, and this complaint was called sedition. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, harsh laws were passed, and a harsher administration incited to put it down. It could not be put down. It incessantly smouldered and incessantly broke out, and for years England was filled with the fear of violence, first by the breakers of the law and then by the enforcers of it.

Resistance to such a policy as this was most congenial to a nature half unhinged

by misfortune, and always in itself most sensitive and opposed to injustice. Even before his wife's death, Lord Althorpe had begun to exert himself against it; and afterwards he threw the whole vigor not only of his mind but of his body into it. So far from running away perpetually to hunt as in old times, he was so constant in his attendance in Parliament that tradition says hardly any one, except the clerks at the table, was more constantly to be seen there. He opposed all the acts by which the Tory government of the day tried to put down dissatisfaction instead of curing it, and his manly energy soon made him a sort of power in Parliament. He was always there, always saying what was clear, strong, and manly; and therefore the loosely-knit Opposition of that day was often guided by him; and the ministers, though strong in numerical majority, feared him, for he said things that the best of that majority understood in a rugged English way, which changed feelings, even if it did not alter votes. He was a man whom every one in the House respected, and who therefore spoke to prepossessed hearers. No doubt, too, the peculiar tinge which grief had given to his character added to his influence. He took no share in the pleasures of other men. Though a nobleman of the highest place, still young, as we should now reckon (he was only thirty-six when Lady Althorpe died), he stood aloof from society which courted him, and lived for public business only; and therefore he had great weight in it, for the English very much value obviously conscientious service, and the sobered foxhunter was a somewhat interesting character.

He had not indeed any clear ideas of the cause of the difficulties of the time, or of the remedies for them. He did no doubt attend much to economical questions; and his taste for figures, shown before in calculating the ratio of his good shots to his bad, made statistical tables even pleasing to him. His strong sense, though without culture and without originality, struggled dimly and sluggishly with the necessary problems. But considering that he lived in the days of Huskisson and Ricardo, his commercial ideas are crude and heavy. He got as far as the notion that the substitution of direct taxes for the bad tariff of those days would be "a good measure," but when he came to apply the principle he failed from inability to work it out. Nor did years of discussion effectually teach him. In his great budget of

1832 — the first which the Whigs had made for many years, and at which therefore every one looked with unusual expectation — he proposed to take off a duty on tobacco, and to replace it by a tax on the transfer of real and funded property, together with a tax on the import of raw cotton; and it was the necessity of having to withdraw the largest part of this plan, that more than anything else first gave the Whigs that character for financial incapacity which clung to them so long. A crude good sense goes no way in such problems, and it is useless to apply it to them. The other economical problem of the time, how to lay a satisfactory basis for our credit, Lord Althorpe was still less able to solve, and excusably so; for the experience which has since taught us so much did not exist, and the best theories then known were very imperfect. The whole subject was then encumbered with what was called the "currency question," and on this Lord Althorpe's views were fairly sensible, but no more.

I have said what may seem too much of the distresses of the country fifty or sixty years ago, not only because the mode in which he dealt with them is the best possible illustration of Lord Althorpe's character, but also because some knowledge of them is necessary to an understanding of "Parliamentary reform," as it was in his time, on account of which alone any one now cares for him. The "bill," if I may say so, for these miseries of the country was sent in to the old system of Parliamentary representation; and very naturally. The defenders of that system of necessity conceded that it was anomalous, complex, and such as it would have been impossible to set up *de novo*. But they argued that it was practically successful, worked well, and promoted the happiness of the people better than any other probably would. And to this the inevitable rejoinder at the time was: "The system does not work well; the country is not happy; if your system is as you say to be judged by its fruits, that system is a bad system, for its fruits are bad, and the consequences everywhere to be seen in the misery around us." Upon many English minds which would have cared nothing for an apparent work of theoretical completeness, this "practical" way of arguing, as it was called, pressed with irresistible strength. The unpopularity was greater because a new generation was growing up with "other thoughts" and "other minds" than that which had preceded it. Between

1828 and 1830, a new race came to influence public affairs, who did not remember the horrors of the French Revolution, and who had been teased to death by hearing their parents talk about them. The harsh and cruel spirit which those horrors had awakened in their contemporaries became itself by the natural law of reaction an object of disgust and almost of horror to the next generation. When it was said that the old structure of Parliament worked well, this new race looked not only at the evident evils amid which they lived, but at the oppressive laws and administration by which their fathers had tried to cure those evils; and they "debited" both to the account of the old Parliament. It was made responsible for the mistaken treatment as well as for the deep-rooted disease, and so the gravest clouds hung over it.

The Duke of Wellington too (the most unsuccessful of premiers as well as the most successful of generals), broke the Tory party—the natural party to support this system—into fragments. With a wise renunciation both of his old principles and of his fixed prejudices he had granted "Catholic emancipation," and so offended the older and stricter part of his followers. They accused him of treachery, and hated him with a hatred of which in this quiet age, when political passion is feeble, we can hardly form an idea. And he then quarrelled, also, with the best of the moderate right—Mr. Huskisson and the Canningites. He had disliked Mr. Canning personally when alive, he hated still more the liberal principles which he had begun to introduce into our foreign policy, and he was an eager, despotic man who disliked difference of opinion; so just when he had broken with the most irrational section of his party, he broke with its most rational members too and left himself very weak. No one so much, though without meaning it, aided the cause of Parliamentary change, for he divided and enfeebled the supporters of the old system; he took away the question of Catholic emancipation which before filled the public mind; and he intensified the unpopularity of all he touched by the idea of a "military premier," for which we should not care now, but which was odious and terrible then when men still feared oppression from the government.

Upon minds thus predisposed the French Revolution of 1830 broke with magical power. To the young generation it seemed like the fulfilment of their dreams.

The meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute took at once
The attraction of a country in Romance,
And lively thought that they might be
Called upon to exercise their skill,
Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secluded island, heaven knows where,
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us.

And even to soberer persons this new revolution seemed to prove that change, even great change, was not so mischievous as had been said—that the good of 1789 might be gained without the evil, and that it was absurd not to try reform when the unreformed world contained so much which was miserable and so much which was difficult to bear. Even a strong Tory ministry might have been overthrown, so great was the force of this sudden sentiment; the feeble ministry of the Duke of Wellington fell at once before it; and the Whigs were called to power.

Their first act was to frame a plan of Parliamentary reform, and that which they constructed was many times larger than anything which any one expected from them. All those who remember those times say that when they heard what was proposed they could hardly believe their ears. And when it was explained to the House of Commons, the confusion, the perplexity, and the consternation were very great. Reform naturally was much less popular in the assembly to be reformed than it was elsewhere. The general opinion was that if Sir R. Peel had risen at once and denounced the bill as destructive and revolutionary he might have prevented its being brought in. Another common opinion in the House was that the "Whigs would go out next morning." But the bill had been framed by one who, with whatever other shortcomings and defects, has ever had a shrewd eye for the probable course of public opinion. "I told Lord Grey," says Lord Russell, "that none but a large measure would be a safe measure." And accordingly, as soon as its provisions came to be comprehended by the country, there was perhaps the greatest burst of enthusiasm which England has ever seen (certainly the greatest enthusiasm for a law, though that for a favorite person may sometimes have risen as high or higher). A later satirist has spoken of it as the "great bill for giving everybody everything," and everybody almost seems to have been as much in favor of it as if they were to gain everything by it. Agricultural counties were as eager as manufacturing towns; men who had always been

Tories before were as warm as Liberals. The country would have "the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill."

But this enthusiasm did not of itself secure the passing of the bill; there were many obstacles in the way, which it took months to overcome, and which often made many despair. First the bill was not one of which the political world itself strongly approved; on the contrary, if left to itself, that world would probably have altogether rejected it. It was imposed by the uninitiated on the initiated, by the many on the few; and inevitably those who were compelled to take it did not like it. Then the vast proposals of the ministry deeply affected many private interests. In 1858 I heard an able politician say, "The best way for a Government to turn itself out is to bring in a reform bill; the number of persons whom every such bill must offend is very great, and they are sure to combine together, not on reform, but on something else, and so turn out the Government." And if there was serious danger to a ministry which ventured to propose such petty reforms as were thought of in 1858, we can imagine the magnitude of the danger which the ministry of 1832 incurred from the great measure they then brought in. One member, indeed, rose and said, "I am the proprietor of Ludgershall, I am the member for Ludgershall, I am the constituency of Ludgershall, and in all three capacities I assent to the disfranchisement of Ludgershall." But the number of persons who were so disinterested was rare. The Bill of 1832 affected the franchise of every constituency, and, therefore, the seat of every member; it abolished the seats of many, and destroyed the right of nomination to seats also possessed by many; and nothing could be more repugnant to the inclinations of most. A House of Commons with such a bill before it was inevitably captious, unruly, and difficult to guide. And even if there had been or could have been a House of Commons which at heart liked the bill, there would still have been the difficulty, that many other people then most influential did not much like it. A great many members of the cabinet which proposed it, though they believed it to be necessary, did not think it to be desirable. The country would have some such measure, and therefore they proposed this. "Lord Palmerston and Mr. Grant," says Lord Russell, "had followed Mr. Canning in his opposition to Parliamentary reform. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Holland had never

been very eager on the subject." Lord Brougham did not approve of the disfranchisement of nearly so many boroughs, and others of the cabinet were much of the same mind. Their opinion was always dubious, their action often reluctant, and, according to Mr. Greville, some of the most influential of them being very sensitive to the public opinion of select political society were soon "heartily ashamed of the whole thing."

The House of Lords, too, was adverse, not only as an assembly of men mostly rich and past middle age is ever adverse to great political change, or as a privileged assembly is always hostile to any movement which may destroy it, but for a reason peculiar to itself. The English House of Lords, as we all know, is not a rigid body of fixed number like the upper chambers of book constitutions, but an elastic body of unfixed number. The crown can add to its members when it pleases and as it pleases. And in various ways which I need not enumerate now, this elasticity of structure has been of much use, but in one way it does much harm. The crown for this purpose means the ministry; the ministry is appointed by a party, and is the agent of that party, and therefore it makes peers from its own friends all but exclusively. Under a Tory government more than nine-tenths of the new peers will be Tory; under a Whig government more than nine-tenths will be Whig; and if for a long course of years either party has been continuously, or nearly so, in power, the House of Lords will be filled with new members belonging to it. And this is a serious inconvenience, because the longer any party has been thus in power, the more likely it is to have to go out and lose power, and the new ministry which comes in, and the new mode of thought which that ministry embodies, finds itself face to face with a House of Peers embodying an antagonist mode of thought, and formed by its enemies. In 1831 this was so, for the Tories had been in office almost without a break since 1784, had created peers profusely, who were all Tories, and added the Irish elective peers who, from the mode of election, were all Tories too. In consequence the reform movement of 1831 and 1832 found itself obstinately opposed to a hostile House of Lords, whose antagonism aided the reluctance diffused through the House of Commons, and fostered the faint-heartedness common in the cabinet. The king, too, who had begun by being much in favor of reform, gradually grew fright-

ened. His correspondence with Lord Grey gives a vivid picture of a well-meaning, but irresolute man, who is much in the power of the last speaker, who at last can be securely relied on by no one, and who gives incessant (and as it seems unnecessary) trouble to those about him. The rising republicanism of the day will find in these letters much to serve it; for however convinced one may be, on general grounds, that English royalty was necessary to English freedom at that time, it is impossible not to be impatient at seeing how, month after month in a great crisis, when there was so much else to cause anxiety and create confusion, one stupid old man should have been able to add so much to both.

And all through the struggle the two effects of the new French Revolution were contending with one another. Just as it aroused in young and sanguine minds (and the majority of the country was just then disposed to be sanguine) the warmest hopes, in minds oppositely predisposed it aroused every kind of fear. Old and timid people thought we should soon have in England "Robespierre and the guillotine." Indeed, in a way that it is rather amusing now to consider, the French horrors of 1793 are turned into a kind of intellectual shuttlecock by two disputants. One says, "See what comes of rash changes, how many crimes they engender, and how many lives they lose!" "No," replies the other, "see what comes of not making changes till too late, for it was delay of change, and resistance to change, which caused those crimes and horrors." Nor were these unreal words of mere rhetoric. They told much on many minds, for what France had done and would do then naturally filled an immense space in men's attention, as for so many years not long since Europe had been divided into France and anti-France.

With all these obstacles in its way the ministry of 1831 had the greatest difficulty in carrying the Reform Bill. I have not space to narrate, even in the briefest way, the troubled history of their doing so. Parliamentary debates are generally dull in the narration, but so great was the excitement, and so many were the relieving circumstances, that an accomplished historian will be able to make posterity take some sort of exceptional interest in these. The credit of the victory, such as it is, must be divided between many persons; Lord Grey managed the king, and stood first in the eye of the country; Lord Russell contributed the first sketch of the

bill, containing all its essential features, both good and bad, and he introduced the first bill into the House of Commons; the late Lord Derby then first showed his powers as a great debater. But the best observers say that Lord Althorpe carried the bill: he was leader of the House at the time, and the main strain of ruling one of the most troubled of Parliaments was on him. His biographer, Sir James le Marchant, who was present at the debates, says:—

Lord Althorpe's capacity as a leader had been severely tested throughout this tremendous struggle, and it extorted the praise even of his political opponents. I recollect Sir Henry Hardinge saying, "It was Althorpe carried the bill. His fine temper did it. And in answer to a most able and argumentative speech of Crocker, he rose and merely said, 'that he had made some calculations which he considered as entirely conclusive in refutation of the right honorable gentleman's arguments which he had mislaid, but if the House would be guided by his advice they would reject the amendment'—which they accordingly did. There is no standing against such influence as this. The Whigs ascribed Lord Althorpe's influence not to his temper alone, but to the confidence felt by the House in his integrity and sound judgment, an opinion so universal that Lord Grey was induced by it to press upon him a peerage that he might take charge of the bill in the committee of the Lords; and the design was abandoned not from any hesitation or unwillingness on the part of Lord Althorpe, but from the difficulty of finding a successor to him in the Commons." So bad a speaker, with so slow a mind, has never received so great a compliment in a scene where quickness and oratory seem at first sight to be the most absolutely requisite of qualities.

But it is no doubt a great mistake to imagine that these qualities are the true essentials to success of this kind. A very shrewd living judge says, after careful reflection, that they are even hurtful. "A man," says Mr. Massey in his history, "who speaks seldom, and who speaks ill, is the best leader of the House of Commons." And no doubt the slow-speeched English gentlemen rather sympathize with slow speech in others. Besides, a quick and brilliant leader is apt to be always speaking, whereas a leader should interfere only when necessary, and be therefore felt as a higher force when he does so. His mind ought to be like a reserve fund; not invested in showy securities, but sure to be come at when wanted, and always of stable value. And this Lord Althorpe's mind was; there was not an epigram in the whole of it; everything was solid and

ordinary. Men seem to have trusted him much as they trust a faithful animal, entirely believing that he would not deceive if he could, and that he could not if he would.

And what, then, was this great "bill" — which it was so great an achievement to pass? Unfortunately this is not an easy question to answer shortly. The "bill" destroyed many old things and altered many old things, and we cannot understand its effects except in so far as we know what these old things were.

"A variety of rights of suffrage," said Sir James Mackintosh, "is the principle of the English representation." How that variety began is not at all to the present purpose; it grew as all English things grow — by day-by-day alterations from small beginnings; and the final product was very different from the first beginning, as well as from any design which ever at any one time entered any one's mind. There always was a great contrast between the mode of representation in boroughs and in counties, because there was a great contrast in social structure between them. The "knight of the shire" was differently chosen from the "burgess of the town," because the "shire" was a different sort of place from the town, and the same people could not have chosen for the two — the same people not existing in the two. The borough representations of England, too, "struggled up" — there is hardly any other word to describe it — in a most irregular manner. The number of towns which sent representatives is scarcely ever the same in any two of our oldest Parliaments. The sheriff had a certain discretion, for the writ only told him to convene "*de quolibet burgo duos burgenses*," and did not name any towns in particular. Most towns then disliked the duty and evaded it if possible, which seems to have augmented the sheriff's power, for he could permit or prevent the evasion as much as he chose. And at a very early period great differences grew up between the ways of election in the towns which were always represented. There seems to have been a kind of "natural selection;" the most powerful class in each borough chose if it could at each election, and if any class long continued the most powerful, it then acquired customary rights of election which came to be unalterable. Nor was there any good deciding authority to regulate this confusion. The judge of elections was the "House of Commons" itself, and it often decided not according to law or evidence, but as polit-

cal or personal influence dictated. And rights of election thus capriciously recognized became binding on the borough forever. As might be expected the total result was excessively miscellaneous. The following are the franchises of the boroughs in two counties as legislators of 1832 found them: —

SOMERSETSHIRE.

- BRISTOL . . Freeholders of 40s., and free burgesses.
- BATH . . Mayor, aldermen, and common councilmen only.
- WELLS . . Mayor, masters, burgesses, and freemen of the seven trading companies of the said city.
- TAUNTON . . Potwallers, not receiving alms or charity.
- BRIDGEWATER . Mayor, aldermen, and twenty-four capital burgesses of the borough paying scot and lot.
- ILCHESTER . Alleged to be the inhabitants of the said town paying scot and lot which the town called potwallers.
- MINEHEAD . The parishioners of Dunster and Minehead, being housekeepers in the borough of Minehead, and not receiving alms.
- MILBORN PORT The capital bailiffs and their deputies, the number of bailiffs being nine, and their deputies being two; in the commonalty, stewards, their number being two; and the inhabitants thereof paying scot and lot.

LANCASHIRE.

- LANCASTER . Freemen only.
- WIGAN . Free burgesses.
- CLITHEROE . Freeholders, resident and non-resident.
- LIVERPOOL . Mayor, bailiffs, and freemen not receiving alms.
- PRESTON . . All the inhabitants.

Nothing could be more certain than that a system which was constructed in this manner must sooner or later need great alteration. Institutions which have grown from the beginning by adaptation may last as long as any if they continue to possess the power of adaptation. The force which created them still exists to preserve them. But in this case the power of adaptation was gone. A system of representation made without design was fixed as eternal upon a changing nation; and somehow or other it was sure to become unsuitable. Nothing could be more false in essence than the old anti-reform

arguments as far as they affected the "wisdom of our ancestors;" for the characteristic method of our ancestors had been departed from. Our ancestors changed what they wanted bit by bit, just when and just as they wanted. But their descendants were forbidden to do so; they were asked to be content not only with old clothes but with much-patched old clothes, which they were denied the power to patch again. And this sooner or later they were sure to refuse.

In 1832 a grave necessity existed for changing it. The rude principle of natural selection by which it had been made, insured that at least approximately the classes most influential in the nation would have a proportionate power in the legislation; no great class was likely to be denied anything approaching to its just weight. But now that a system framed in one age was to be made to continue unchanged through after ages there was no such security. On the contrary, the longer the system went on without change the more sure it was to need change. Some new class was sure in course of time to grow up for which the fixed system provided no adequate representatives; and the longer that system continued fixed, the surer was this to happen, and the stronger was it likely that this class would be. In 1832, such a class had arisen of the first magnitude. The trading wealth of the country had created a new world which had no voice in Parliament comparable to that which it had in the country. Not only were some of the greatest towns, like Birmingham and Manchester, left without any members at all, but in most other towns the best of the middle class felt that they had no adequate power; they were either extinguished by a franchise too exclusive, or swamped by one too diffused; either way, they were powerless.

There was equal reason to believe that by the same inevitable course of events some class would come to have more power in Parliament than it should. The influence which gave the various classes their authority at the time in which the machinery of our representation was framed, would be sure in time to ebb away, wholly or in part, from some of them. And in matter of fact they did so. The richer nobility and the richer commoners had come to have much more power than they ought. The process of letting the most influential people in a borough choose its members, amounted in time to letting the great nobleman or great com-

moner to whom the property of the town belonged, choose them. And many counties had fallen into the direction of the same hands also, so that it was calculated, if not with truth, at any rate with an approach to it, that one hundred and seventy-seven lords and gentlemen chose as many as three hundred and fifty-five English members of Parliament. The Parliamentary power of these few rich peers and squires was much too great when compared with their share in the life of the nation, just as that of the trading class was too weak; the excess of the one made the deficiency of the other additionally difficult to bear; and the contrast was more than ever galling in the years from 1830 to 1832, because just then the new French Revolution had revived the feud between the privileged classes and the non-privileged. The excessive Parliamentary power of these few persons had before been a yoke daily becoming heavier and heavier, and now it could be endured no longer.

The Reform "Bill" amended all this. It abolished a multitude of nomination boroughs, gave members to large towns and cities, and changed the franchise, so that in all boroughs at any rate, the middle classes obtained predominant power. And no one can deny that the good so done was immense; indeed, no one does now deny it, for the generation of Tories that did so has passed away. No doubt the Reform Act did not produce of itself at once the new heaven and new earth which its more ardent supporters expected of it. It did nothing to remove the worst evils from which the country suffered, for those evils were not political but economical; and the classes whom it enfranchised were not more economically instructed than those whom they superseded. The doctrine of protection then reigned all through the nation, and while it did so no real cure for those evils was possible. But this act, coming as it did when a new political generation was prepared to make use of it, got rid entirely of the "cruel spirit" by which our distresses had been repressed before, and which was as great an evil as those distresses themselves, introduced many improvements, municipal reform, tithe reform, and such like, in which the business-like habit of mind due to the greater power of the working classes, mainly helped and diffused a sweeter and better spirit through society.

But these benefits were purchased at a price of the first magnitude, though, from the nature of it, its payment was long de-

ferred. The reformers of 1832 dealt with the evils of their time, as they would have said, in an English way, and without much thinking of anything else. And exactly in that English way, as they had under their hands a most curious political machine which had grown without design, and which produced many very valuable, though not very visible effects, they, without thought, injured and destroyed some of the best of it.

First, the old system of representation, as we have seen, was based on a variety of franchises. But, in order to augment the influence of the middle class, the reformers of 1832 destroyed that variety; they introduced into every borough the £10 household franchise, and with a slight exception which we need not take account of, made that franchise the only one in all boroughs. They raised the standard in the boroughs in which it was lower than £10, and lowered it in those where it was higher; and in this way they changed the cardinal principle of the system which they found for the established uniformity as a rule instead of variety.

And this worked well enough at first, for there was not for some years after 1832 much wish for any more change in our constituencies. But in our own time we have seen the harm of it. If you establish any uniform franchise in a country, then it at once becomes a question, What sort of franchise is it to be? Those under it will say that they are most unjustly excluded; they will deny that there is any real difference between themselves and those above; they will show without difficulty that some whom the chosen line leaves out are even better than those which it takes in. And they will raise the cry so familiar in our ears—the cry of class legislation. They will say, Who are these ten-pound householders, these arbitrarily chosen middle-class men, that they should be sole electors? Why should they be alone enfranchised and all others practically disfranchised, either by being swamped by their more numerous votes or by not having votes at all? The case is the stronger because one of the most ancient functions of Parliament, and especially the Commons House of Parliament, is the reformation of grievances. This suited very well with the old system of variety; in that miscellaneous collection of constituencies every class was sure to have some members who represented it. There were then working-class constituencies sending members to speak for them,—“men,” says Mackintosh, “of popular

talents, principles, and feelings; quick in suspecting oppression, bold in resisting it, not thinking favorably of the powerful; listening almost with credulity to the complaints of the humble and the feeble, and impelled by ambition when they are not prompted by generosity to be defenders of the defenceless.” And in cases of popular excitement, especially of erroneous excitement, this plan insured that it should have adequate expression, and so soon made it calm. But the legislation of 1832 destroyed these working-men’s constituencies; “they put the country,” as it was said afterwards, “under ten-pounders only.” And in consequence there are in our boroughs now nothing but working-class constituencies; there are no longer any ten-pound householders at all. There is throughout our boroughs a uniform sort of franchise, and that the worst sort—a franchise which gives the predominance to the most ignorant and the least competent, if they choose to use it. The middle classes have as little power as they had before 1832, and the only difference is, that before 1832 they were ruled by those richer than themselves, and now they are ruled by those poorer.

No doubt there is still an inequality in the franchise between counties and boroughs—the sole remnant of the variety of our ancient system. But that inequality is much more difficult to defend now when it stands alone, than it was in old times when it was one of many. And the “ugly rush” of the lower orders which has effaced the “hard and fast” line established in 1832 threatens to destroy this remnant of variety. In a few years probably there will be but one sort of franchise throughout all England, and the characteristic work of 1832 will be completely undone; the middle classes, whose intelligence Macaulay praised, and to whom he helped to give so much power, will have had all that power taken away from them.

No doubt, too, there is still a real inequality of influence, though there is a legal equality of franchise. The difference of size of boroughs gives more power to those in the small boroughs than to those in the large. And this is very valuable, for elections for large boroughs are costly, and entail much labor that is most disagreeable. But here, again, the vicious precedent of establishing uniformity set in 1832 is becoming excessively dangerous. Being so much used to it people expect to see it everywhere. There is much risk that before long there may be only one sort of vote and only one size of consti-

uency all over England, and then the reign of monotony will be complete.

And, secondly, the reformers of 1832 committed an almost worse error in destroying one kind of select constituency without creating an intellectual equivalent. We are not used nowadays to think of nomination boroughs as select constituencies, but such, in truth, they were, and such they proved themselves to be at, perhaps, the most critical period of English history. Lord Russell, no favorable judge, tells us "that it enabled Sir Robert Walpole to consolidate the throne of the house of Hanover amid external and internal dangers." No democratic suffrage would then have been relied on for that purpose, for the mass of Englishmen were then more or less attached to their hereditary king, and they might easily have been induced to restore him. They had not, indeed, a fanatical passion of loyalty towards him, nor any sentiment which would make them brave many dangers on his behalf; but there was much sluggish and sullen prejudice which might have been easily aroused to see that he had his rights, and there were many relics of ancient loyal zeal which might have combined with that prejudice and ennobled it. Nor did the people of that day much care for what we should now call Parliamentary government. The educated opinion of that day was strongly in favor of the house of Hanover; but the numerical majority of the nation was not equally so; perhaps it would have preferred the house of Stuart. But the higher nobility and the richer gentry possessed a great power over the opinions of Parliament because many boroughs were subject to their control, and by exerting that power they, in conjunction with the trading classes, who were then much too weak to have moved by themselves, fixed the house of Hanover on the throne, and so settled the freedom of England. These boroughs at that time, for this purpose as select constituencies, were of inestimable value, because they enabled the most competent opinion in England to rule without dispute, when, under any system of diffused suffrage, that opinion would either have been out-voted or almost so.

And to the last these boroughs retained much of this peculiar merit. They were an organ for what may be called specialized political thought, for trained intelligence busy with public affairs. Not only did they bring into Parliament men of genius and ability, but they kept together a higher political world capable of appreciating that

genius and ability when young, and of learning from it when old. The Whig party, such as it was in those days especially, rested on this Parliamentary power. In them was a combination of more or less intelligent noblemen of liberal ideas and aims, who chose such men as Burke, and Brougham, and Hume, and at last Macaulay, to develop those ideas and to help to attain those aims. If they had not possessed this peculiar power, they would have had no such intellectual influence; they would have simply been gentlemen of what we now think good ideas, with no special means of advancing them. And they would not have been so closely combined together as they were; they would have been scattered persons of political intelligence. But having this power they combined together, lived together, thought together, and the society thus formed was enriched and educated by the men of genius whom it selected as instruments, and in whom in fact it found teachers. And there was something like it on the government side, though the long possession of power, and perhaps the nature of Toryism, somewhat modified its characteristics.

The effect is to be read in the Parliamentary debates of those times. Probably they are absolutely better than our own. They are intrinsically a better discussion of the subjects of their day than ours are of our subjects. But however this may be, they are beyond a question relatively better. General knowledge of politics has greatly improved in the last fifty years, and the best political thought of the present day is much superior to any which there was then. So that, even if our present Parliamentary debates retained the level of their former excellence, they would still not bear the same relation to the best thought of the present that the old ones bear to the best thought of the past. And if the debates have really fallen off much (as I am sure they have), this conclusion will be stronger and more certain.

Nor is this to be wondered at. If you lessen the cause you will lessen the effect too. Not only are not the men whom these select constituencies brought into Parliament now to be found there, but the society which formed those constituencies, and which chose those men, no longer exists. The old parties were combinations partly aristocratic, partly intellectual, cemented by the common possession and the common use of political power. But now that the power is gone the combinations are dissolved. The place which once

knew them knows them no more. Any one who looks for them in our present London and our present politics will scarcely find much that is like them.

This society sought for those whom it thought would be useful to it in all quarters. There was a regular connection between the "unions," — the great debating societies of Oxford and Cambridge — and Parliament. Young men who seemed promising had even a chance of being competed for by both parties. We all know the line which the wit of Brooke's made upon Mr. Canning —

The turning of coats so common is grown,

That no one would think to attack it;
But no case until now was so flagrantly known
Of a schoolboy's turning his jacket.

This meant that it having been said and believed that Mr. Canning, who had just left Oxford, was to be brought into Parliament by the Whig opposition, he went over to Mr. Pitt, and was brought in by the Tory ministry. The Oxford Liberals of our generations are quite exempt from similar temptations. So far from their support in Parliament being craved by both sides, they cannot enter into Parliament at all. When many of these tried to do so in the autumn of 1867, their egregious failure was one of the most striking events of that remarkable time.

There was a connection too then between the two parts of the public service now most completely divided — the permanent and the Parliamentary civil services. Now, as we all know, the chief clerks in the treasury and permanent heads of departments never think of going into Parliament; they regard the Parliamentary statesmen who are set to rule over them much as the Bengalees regard the English — as persons who are less intelligent and less instructed than themselves, but who nevertheless are to be obeyed. They never think of changing places any more than a Hindoo thinks of becoming an Englishman. But in old times, men like Lord Liverpool, Sir George Rose, and Mr. Huskisson were found eminent in the public offices, and in consequence of that eminence were brought into Parliament. The party in office were then, as now, anxious to obtain competent help in passing measures of finance and detail, and they then obtained it thus, whereas now their successors do not obtain it at all.

There was then, too, a sort of romantic element in the lives of clever young men which is wholly wanting now. Some one said that Macaulay's was like a life in a

fairy-tale — he opens a letter which looks like any other letter, and finds that it contains a seat in Parliament. Gibbon says that just as he was destroying an army of barbarians, Sir Gilbert Elliot called and offered him a seat for Liskeard. Great historians will never probably again be similarly interrupted. The effect of all this was to raise the intellectual tone of Parliament. At present the political conversation of members of Parliament — a few of the greatest expected — is less able and less striking than that of other persons of fair capacity. There is a certain kind of ideas which you hardly ever hear from any other educated person, but which they have to talk to their constituents, and which, if you will let them, they will talk to you too. Some of the middle-aged men of business, the "soap-boilers," as the London world disrespectfully calls them, whom local influence raises to Parliament, really do not seem to know any better; they repeat the words of the hustings as if they were parts of their creed. And as for the more intellectual members who know better, no one of good manners likes to press them too closely in argument on politics any more than he likes to press a clergyman too strictly on religion. In both cases the *status* in the world depends on the belief in certain opinions, and therefore it is thought rather ill-bred, except for some great reason, to try to injure that belief. Intellectual deference used to be paid to members of Parliament, but now, at least in London, where the species is known, the remains of that deference are rare.

The other side of the same phenomenon is the increased power of the provinces, and especially of the constituencies. Any gust of popular excitement runs through them instantly, grows greater and greater as it goes, till it gains such huge influence that for a moment the central educated world is powerless. No doubt, if only time can be gained, the excitement passes away; something new succeeds, and the ordinary authority of trained and practised intelligence revives. But if an election were now to happen at an instant of popular fury, that fury would have little or nothing to withstand it. And, even in ordinary times, the power of the constituencies is too great. They are fast reducing the members, especially the weaker sort of them, to delegates. There is already, in many places, a committee which often telegraphs to London hoping that their member will vote this way or that, and the member is unwilling not to do so,

because at the next election, if offended, the committee may, perchance, turn the scale against him. And this dependence weakens the intellectual influence of Parliament, and of that higher kind of mind of which Parliament ought to be the organ.

We must remember that if now we feel these evils we must expect ere long to feel them much more. The Reform Act of 1867 followed in the main the precedent of 1832; and year by year we shall feel its consequences more and more. The two precedents which have been set will of necessity, in the English world, which is so much guided by precedent, determine the character of future reform acts. And if they do the supremacy of the central group of trained and educated men which our old system of Parliamentary choice created, will be completely destroyed, for it is already half gone.

I know it is thought that we can revive this intellectual influence. Many thoughtful reformers believe that by means of Mr. Hare's system of voting, by the cumulative suffrage, the limited suffrage, or by some others like them, we may be able to replace that which the legislation of 1832 began to destroy, and that which those who follow them are destroying. And I do not wish to say a word against this hope. On the contrary, I think that it is one of the most important duties of English politicians to frame these plans into the best form of which they are capable, and to try to obtain the assent of the country to them. But the difficulty is immense. The reformers of 1832 destroyed intellectual constituencies in great numbers without creating any new ones, and without saying, indeed without thinking, that it was desirable to create any. They thus by conspicuous action, which is the most influential of political instruction, taught mankind that an increase in the power of numbers was the change most to be desired in England. And of course the mass of mankind are only too ready to think so. They are always prone to believe their own knowledge to be "for all practical purposes" sufficient, and to wish to be emancipated from the authority of the higher culture. What we have now to do, therefore, is to induce this self-satisfied, stupid, inert mass of men to admit its own insufficiency, which is very hard; to understand fine schemes for supplying that insufficiency, which is harder; and to exert itself to get those ideas adopted, which is hardest of all. Such is the duty

which the reformers of 1832 have cast upon us.

And this is what of necessity must happen if you set men like Lord Althorpe to guide legislative changes in complex institutions. Being without culture, they do not know how these institutions grew; being without insight, they only see one half their effect; being without foresight, they do not know what will happen if they are enlarged; being without originality, they cannot devise anything new to supply if necessary the place of what is old. Common sense no doubt they have, but common sense without instruction can no more wisely revise old institutions than it can write the "Nautical Almanac." Probably they will do some present palpable good, but they will do so at a heavy cost; years after they have passed away, the bad effects of that which they did, and of the precedents which they set, will be hard to bear and difficult to change. Such men are admirably suited to early and simple times. English history is full of them, and England has been made mainly by them, but they fail in later times when the work of the past is accumulated, and no question is any longer simple. The simplicity of their one-idea'd minds, which is suited to the common arithmetic and vulgar fractions of early societies, is not suited, indeed rather unfits them for the involved analysis and complex "problem-papers" of later ages.

There is little that in a sketch like this need be said of Lord Althorpe's life after the passing of the Reform Act. The other acts of Lord Grey's ministry have nothing so memorable or so characteristic of Lord Althorpe that anything need be said about them. Nor does any one in the least care now as to the once celebrated mistake of Mr. Littleton in dealing with O'Connell, or Lord Althorpe's connection with it. Parliamentary history is only interesting when it is important constitutional history, or when it illustrates something in the character of some interesting man. But the end of Lord Althorpe's public life was very curious. In the November of 1834 his brother, Lord Spencer, died, and as he was then leader of the House of Commons a successor for him had to be found. But William IV., whose Liberal partialities had long since died away, began by objecting to every one proposed, and ended by turning out the ministry — another event in his reign which our coming republicans will no doubt make the most of. But I have nothing to do with the king and the con-

stitutional question now. My business is with Lord Althorpe. He acted very characteristically, — he said that a retirement from office was to him the “cessation of acute pain,” and never afterwards would touch it again, though he lived for many years. Nor was this an idle affectation, far less indolence. “You must be aware,” he said once before, in a letter to Lord Brougham, “that my being in office is nothing less than a source of misery to me. I am perfectly certain that no man ever disliked it to such a degree as I do; and, indeed, the first thing that usually comes into my head when I wake is how to get rid of it.” He retired into the country and occupied himself with the rural pursuits which he loved best, attended at quarter sessions, and was active as a farmer. “Few persons,” said an old shepherd, “could compete with my lord in a knowledge of sheep.” He delighted to watch a whole flock pass, and seemed to know them as if he had lived with them. “Of all my former pursuits,” he wrote, just after Lady Althorpe’s death, and in the midst of his grief, “the only one in which I now take any interest is breeding stock; it is the only one in which I can build castles in the air.” And as soon as he could, among such castles in the air he lived and died. No doubt, too, much better for himself than many of his friends, who long wanted to lure him back to politics. He was wise with the solid wisdom of agricultural England; popular and useful; sagacious in usual things; a model in common duties; well able to advise men in the daily difficulties which are the staple of human life. But beyond this he could not go. Having no call to decide on more intellectual questions, he was distressed and pained when he had to do so. He was a man so picturesquely out of place in a great scene that if a great describer gets hold of him he may be long remembered; and it was the misfortune of his life that the simplicity of his purposes and the reliability of his character raised him at a great conjuncture to a high place for which nature had not meant him, and for which he felt that she had not.

WALTER BAGEHOT.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF
“MALCOLM,” ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DIFFERENCE.

NOTWITHSTANDING his keenness of judgment and sobriety in action, Malcolm had yet a certain love for effect — a delight, that is, in the show of concentrated results — which, as I believe I have elsewhere remarked, belongs especially to the Celtic nature, and is one form in which the poetic element vaguely embodies itself. Hence arose the temptation to try on Blue Peter the effect of a literally theatrical surprise. He knew well the prejudices of the greater portion of the Scots people against every possible form of artistic, most of all dramatic, representation. He knew, therefore, also, that Peter would never be persuaded to go with him to the theatre: to invite him would be like asking him to call upon Beelzebub; but as this feeling was cherished in utter ignorance of its object, he judged he would be doing him no wrong if he made experiment how the thing itself would affect the heart and judgment of the unsophisticated fisherman.

Finding that “The Tempest” was still the play represented, he contrived, as they walked together, so to direct their course that they should be near Drury Lane toward the hour of commencement. He did not want to take him in much, before the time: he would not give him scope for thought, doubt, suspicion, discovery.

When they came in front of the theatre, people were crowding in and carriages setting down their occupants. Blue Peter gave a glance at the building. “This’ll be ane o’ the Lon’on kirks, I’m thinkin’?” he said. “It’s a muckle place; an’ there maun be a heap o’ guid fowk in Lon’on, for as ill’s it’s ca’d, to see sae mony, an’ i’ their cairritches, comin’ to the kirk — on a Setterday nicht tu! It maun be some kin’ o’ a prayer-meetin’, I’m thinkin’.”

Malcolm said nothing, but led the way to the pit-entrance.

“That’s no an ill w’y o’ getherin’ the baubees,” said Peter, seeing how the incomers paid their money. “I hae h’ard o’ the plate bein’ robbit in a muckle toon afore noo.”

When at length they were seated, and he had time to glance reverently around him, he was a little staggered at sight of the decorations, and the thought crossed

his mind of the pictures and statues he had heard of in Catholic churches; but he remembered Westminster Abbey, its windows and monuments, and returned to his belief that he was, if in an Episcopal, yet in a Protestant church. But he could not help the thought that the galleries were a little too gaudily painted, while the high pews in them astonished him. Peter's nature, however, was one of those calm, slow ones, which, when occupied by an idea or a belief, are by no means ready to doubt its correctness, and are even ingenious in reducing all apparent contradictions to theoretic harmony with it; whence it came that to him all this was only part of the church furniture according to the taste and magnificence of London. He sat quite tranquil, therefore, until the curtain rose, revealing the ship's company in all the confusion of the wild-est of sea-storms.

Malcolm watched him narrowly. But Peter was first so taken by surprise, and then so carried away with the interest of what he saw, that thinking had ceased in him utterly, and imagination lay passive as a mirror to the representation. Nor did the sudden change from the first to the second scene rouse him, for before his thinking machinery could be set in motion the delight of the new show had again caught him in its meshes. For to him, as it had been to Malcolm, it was the shore at Portlossie, while the cave that opened behind was the Baillie's Barn, where his friends the fishers might at that moment, if it were a fine night, be holding one of their prayer-meetings.

The mood lasted all through the talk of Prospero and Miranda, but when Ariel entered there came a snap, and the spell was broken. With a look in which doubt wrestled with horror, Blue Peter turned to Malcolm, and whispered with bated breath, "I'm jaloosin — it canna be! — it's no a playhooose, this?" Malcolm merely nodded, but from the nod Peter understood that *he* had had no discovery to make as to the character of the place they were in. "Eh!" he groaned, overcome with dismay. Then rising suddenly, "Guid-nicht to ye, my lord," he said with indignation, and rudely forced his way from the crowded house.

Malcolm followed in his wake, but said nothing till they were in the street. Then, forgetting utterly his resolves concerning English in the distress of having given his friend ground to complain of his conduct toward him, he laid his hand on Blue Peter's arm and stopped him in the mid-

dle of the narrow street. "I but thought, Peter," he said, "to get ye to see wi' yer ain een an' hear wi' yer ain ears afore ye passed jeedgment; but ye're jist like the lave."

"An' what for sudna I be jist like the lave?" returned Peter fiercely.

"'Cause it's no fair to set doon a' thing for wrang 'at ye hae been i' the w'y o' hearin' abus't by them 'at kens as little aboot them as yersel'. I cam here mysel', ohn kent whaur I was gaein', the ither nicht, for the first time i' my life; but I wasna fleyt like you, 'cause I kent frae the buik a' 'at was comin'. I hae h'ard in a kirk in ae ten meenutes jist a sicht o' what maun hae been saer displeasin' to the he'rt o' the Maister o' 's a'; but that nicht I saw nae ill an' h'ard nae ill, but was well peyed back upo' them 'at did it an' said it afore the business was ower; an' that's mair nor ye'll see i' the streets o' Portlossie ilka day. The playhooose is whaur ye gang to see what comes o' things 'at ye canna follow oot in ordinar' life."

Whether Malcolm after a year's theatre-going would have said precisely the same is hardly doubtful. He spoke of the ideal theatre to which Shakespeare is true, and in regard to that he spoke rightly.

"Ye decoy't me intill the hooose o' inequity!" was Peter's indignant reply; "an' it's no what ye ever gae me cause to expect o' ye, sae 'at I micht hae ta'en tent o' ye."

"I thought nae ill o' 't," returned Malcolm.

"Weel, *I div*," retorted Peter.

"Then perhaps you are wrong," said Malcolm, "for charity thinketh no evil. You wouldn't stay to see the thing out."

"There ye are at yer English again; an' misgugglin' Scriptur' wi' 't; an' a' this upo' Setterday nicht — maist the Sawbath day! Weel, I hae aye h'ard 'at Lon'on was an awfu' place, but I little thought the verra air o' 't wad sae sune turn an honest laad like Ma'colm MacPhail intill a scoffer. But maybe it's the markis o' 'im, an' no the muckle toon 'at 's made the differ. Ony gait, I'm thinkin' it'll be aboot time for me to be gaein' hame."

Malcolm was vexed with himself, and both disappointed and troubled at the change which had come over his friend and threatened to destroy the lifelong relation between them: his feelings therefore held him silent.

Peter concluded that *the marquis* was displeased, and it clenched his resolve to go. "What w'y am I to win hame, my

lord?" he said, when they had walked some distance without one word spoken.

"By the Aberdeen smack," returned Malcolm: "she sails on Tuesday. I will see you on board. You must take young Davy with you, for I wouldn't have him here after you are gone. There will be nothing for him to do."

"Ye're unco ready to pairt wt' 's, noo 'at ye hae nae mair use for 's," said Peter.

"No sae ready as ye seem to pairt wi' yer charity," said Malcolm, now angry too.

"Ye see, Annie 'ill be thinkin' lang," said Peter, softening a little.

No more angry words passed between them, but neither did any thoroughly cordial ones, and they parted at the stairs in mutual, though, with such men, it could not be more than superficial, estrangement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LORD LIFTORE.

THE chief cause of Malcolm's anxiety had been, and perhaps still was, Lord Liftore. In his ignorance of Mr. Lenorme there might lie equal cause with him, but he knew such evil of the other that his whole nature revolted against the thought of his marrying his sister. At Lossie he had made himself agreeable to her, and now, if not actually living in the same house, he was there at all hours of the day.

It took nothing from his anxiety to see that his lordship was greatly improved. Not only had the lanky youth passed into a well-formed man, but in countenance, whether as regarded expression, complexion, or feature, he was not merely a handsomer, but looked in every way a healthier and better, man. Whether it was from some reviving sense of duty, or that, in his attachment to Florimel, he had begun to cherish a desire of being worthy of her, I cannot tell, but he looked altogether more of a man than the time that had elapsed would have given ground to expect, even had he then seemed on the mend, and indeed promised to become a really fine-looking fellow. His features were far more regular if less *informed* than those of the painter, and his carriage prouder if less graceful and energetic. His admiration of, and consequent attachment to, Florimel had been growing ever since his visit to Lossie House the preceding summer, and if he had said nothing quite definite, it was only because his aunt represented the impolicy of declaring himself

just yet: she was too young. She judged thus, attributing her evident indifference to an incapacity as yet for falling in love. Hence, beyond paying her all sorts of attentions and what compliments he was capable of constructing, Lord Liftore had not gone far toward making himself understood—at least, not until just before Malcolm's arrival, when his behavior had certainly grown warmer and more confidential.

All the time she had been under his aunt's care he had had abundant opportunity for recommending himself, and he had made use of the privilege. For one thing, credibly assured that he looked well in the saddle, he had constantly encouraged Florimel's love of riding and desire to become a thorough horsewoman, and they had ridden a good deal together in the neighborhood of Edinburgh. This practice they continued as much as possible after they came to London early in the spring, but the weather of late had not been favorable and Florimel had been very little out with him.

For a long time Lady Bellair had had her mind set on a match between the daughter of her old friend the Marquis of Lossie and her nephew, and it was with this in view that, when invited to Lossie House, she had begged leave to bring Lord Meikleham with her. The young man was from the first sufficiently taken with the beautiful girl to satisfy his aunt, and would even then have shown greater fervor in his attention had he not met Lizzy Findlay at the wedding of Joseph Mair's sister, and found her more than pleasing. I will not say that from the first he purposed wrong to her—he was too inexperienced in the ways of evil for that—but even when he saw plainly enough to what their mutual attraction was tending, he gave himself no trouble to resist it, and through the whole unhappy affair had not had one smallest struggle with himself for the girl's sake. To himself he was all in all as yet, and such was his opinion of his own precious being that, had he thought about it, he would have considered the honor of *his* attentions far more than sufficient to make up to any girl in such a position for whatever mishap his acquaintance might bring upon her. What was the grief and mortification of parents to put in the balance against his condescension? What the shame and humiliation of the girl herself compared to the honor of having been shone upon for a period, however brief, by his enamored countenance? Must not even the sorrow attend-

ant upon her loss be rendered more than endurable, be radiantly consoled, by the memory that she had held such a demigod in her arms? When he left her at last with many promises, not one of which he ever had the intention of fulfilling, he did purpose sending her a present. But at that time he was poor—dependent, indeed, for his pocket-money upon his aunt—and up to this hour he had never since his departure from Lossie House taken the least notice of her either by gift or letter. He had taken care also that it should not be in her power to write to him; and now he did not even know that he was a father. Once or twice the possibility of such being the case occurred to him, and he thought with himself that if he were, and it should come to be talked of, it might, in respect of his present hopes, be awkward and disagreeable; for, although such a predicament was nowise unusual, in this instance the circumstances were. More than one of his bachelor friends had a small family even, but then it was in the regular way of an open and understood secret: the fox had his nest in some pleasant nook, adroitly masked, where lay his vixen and her brood: one day he would abandon them forever, and with such gathered store of experience set up for a respectable family man. A few tears, a neat legal arrangement, and all would be as it had never been, only that the blood of the Montmorencies or Cliffords would meander unclaimed in this or that obscure channel, beautifying the race and rousing England to noble deeds. But in his case it would be unpleasant—a little—that every one of his future tenantry should know the relation in which he stood to a woman of the fisher-people. He did not fear any resentment: not that he would have cared a straw for it on such trifling grounds, but people in their low condition never thought anything of such slips on the part of their women, especially where a great man was concerned. What he did fear was that the immediate relations of the woman—that was how he spoke of Lizzy to himself—might presume upon the honor he had done them. Lizzy, however, was a good girl, and had promised to keep the matter secret until she heard from him, whatever might be the consequences; and surely there was fascination enough in the holding of a secret with such as he to enable her to keep her promise. She must be perfectly aware, however appearances might be against him, that he was not one to fail in appreciation of her conduct, however easy and natural all that he required

of her might be. He would requite her royally when he was lord of Lossie. Meantime, although it was even now in his power to make her rich amends, he would prudently leave things as they were, and not run the risk that must lie in opening communications.

And so the young earl held his head high, looked as innocent as may be desirable for a gentleman, had many a fair clean hand laid in his, and many a maiden waist yielded to his arm, while “the woman” flitted about half an alien amongst her own, with his child wound in her old shawl of Lossie tartan—wandering not seldom in the gloaming when her little one slept, along the top of the dune, with the wind blowing keen upon her from the regions of eternal ice, sometimes the snow settling softly on her hair, sometimes the hailstones nestling in its meshes; the skies growing blacker about her, and the sea stormier, while hope retreated so far into the heavenly regions that hope and Heaven both were lost to her view. Thus, alas! the things in which he was superior to her, most of all that he was a gentleman, while she was but a peasant girl—the things whose witchery drew her to his will—he made the means of casting her down from the place of her excellency into the mire of shame and loss. The only love worthy of the name ever and always uplifts.

Of the people belonging to the upper town of Portlossie—which raised itself high above the sea-town in other respects besides the topical—there were none who did not make poor Lizzy feel they were aware of her disgrace, and but one man who made her feel it by being kinder than before. That man, strange to say, was the factor. With all his faults, he had some chivalry, and he showed it to the fisher-girl. Nor did he alter his manner to her because of the rudeness with which her mother had taken Malcolm’s part.

It was a sore proof to Mr. Crathie that his discharged servant was in favor with the marchioness when the order came from Mr. Soutar to send up Kelpie. She had written to himself when she wanted her own horse: now she sent for this brute through her lawyer: it was plain that Malcolm had been speaking against him, and he was the more embittered therefore against his friends.

Since his departure he had been twice on the point of poisoning the mare. It was with difficulty he found two men to take her to Aberdeen. There they had an arduous job to get her on board and secure her. But it had been done, and

all the Monday night Malcolm was waiting her arrival at the wharf — alone, for after what had passed between them he would not ask Peter to go with him, and besides he was no use with horses. At length, in the gray of a gurlly dawn, the smack came alongside. They had had a rough passage, and the mare was considerably subdued by sickness, so that there was less difficulty in getting her ashore, and she paced for a little while in tolerable quietness. But with every step on dry land the evil spirit in her awoke, and soon Malcolm had to dismount and lead her. The morning was little advanced, and few vehicles were about, otherwise he could hardly have got her home uninjured, notwithstanding the sugar with which he had filled a pocket. Before he reached the mews he was very near wishing he had never seen her. But when he led her into the stable he was a little encouraged, as well as surprised, to find that she had not forgotten Flormel's horse. They had always been a little friendly, and now they greeted with an affectionate neigh; after which, with the help of all she could devour, the demomness was quieter.

CHAPTER XIX.

KELPIE IN LONDON.

BEFORE noon Lord Liftore came round to the mews: his riding-horses were there. Malcolm was not at the moment in the stable.

"What animal is that?" he asked of his own groom, catching sight of Kelpie in her loose box.

"One just come up from Scotland for Lady Lossie, my lord," answered the man.

"She looks a clipper. Lead her out, and let me see her."

"She's not sound in the temper, my lord, the groom that brought her says. He told me on no account to go near her till she got used to the sight of me."

"Oh, you are afraid, are you?" said his lordship, whose breeding had not taught him courtesy to his inferiors.

At the word the man walked into her box. As he did so he looked well out for her hoofs, but his circumspection was in vain: in a moment she had wheeled, jammed him against the wall, and taken his shoulder in her teeth. He gave a yell of pain. His lordship caught up a stable-broom and attacked the mare with it over the door, but it flew from his hand to the other end of the stable, and the partition

began to go after it. But she still kept her hold of the man. Happily, however, Malcolm was not far off, and hearing the noise rushed in. He was just in time to save the groom's life. Clearing the stall partition and seizing the mare by the nose with a mighty grasp, he inserted a forefinger behind her tusk — for she was one of the few mares tusked like a horse — and soon compelled her to open her mouth. The groom staggered and would have fallen, so cruelly had she mauled him, but Malcolm's voice roused him: "For God's sake gang oot, as lang's there's twa limbs o' ye stickin' thegither."

The poor fellow just managed to open the door, and fell senseless on the stones. Lord Liftore called for help, and they carried him into the saddle-room, while one ran for the nearest surgeon.

Meantime, Malcolm was putting a muzzle on Kelpie, which he believed she understood as a punishment; and while he was thus occupied his lordship came from the saddle-room and approached the box. "Who are you?" he said. "I think I have seen you before."

"I was servant to the late Marquis of Lossie, my lord, and now I am groom to her ladyship."

"What a fury you've brought up with you! She'll never do for London."

"I told the man not to go near her, my lord."

"What's the use of her if no one can go near her?"

"I can, my lord."

"By Jove! she's a splendid creature to look at, but I don't know what you can do with her here, my man. She's fit to go double with Satan himself."

"She'll do for me to ride after my lady well enough. If only I had room to exercise her a bit!"

"Take her into the park early in the morning and gallop her round. Only mind she don't break your neck. What can have made Lady Lossie send for such a devil as that?"

Malcolm held his peace.

"I'll try her myself some morning," said his lordship, who thought himself a better horseman than he was.

"I wouldn't advise you, my lord."

"Who the devil asked your advice?"

"Ten to one she'll kill you, my lord."

"That's my lookout," said Liftore, and went into the house.

As soon as he had done with Kelpie, Malcolm dressed himself in his new livery and went to tell his mistress of her arrival. She sent him orders to bring the mare

round in half an hour. He went back to her, took off her muzzle, fed her, and while she ate her corn put on the spurs he had prepared expressly for her use—a spike without a rowel, rather blunt, but sharp indeed when sharply used—like those of the Gauchos of the Pampas. Then he saddled her and rode her round. Having had her fit of temper, she was, to all appearance, going to be fairly good for the rest of the day, and looked splendid. She was a large mare, nearly thoroughbred, with more bone than usual for her breeding, which she carried triumphantly—an animal most men would have been pleased to possess and proud to ride. Florimel came to the door to see her, accompanied by Liftore, and was so delighted with the very sight of her that she sent at once to the stables for her own horse, that she might ride out attended by Malcolm. His lordship also ordered his horse.

They went straight to Rotten Row for a little gallop, and Kelpie was behaving very well for her.

"What *did* you have two such savages, horse and groom both, up from Scotland for, Florimel?" asked his lordship, as they cantered gently along the Row, Kelpie coming sideways after them, as if she would fain alter the pairing of her legs.

Florimel turned and cast an admiring glance on the two. "Do you know I am rather proud of them," she asked.

"He's a clumsy fellow, the groom; and for the mare, she's downright wicked," said Liftore.

"At least neither is a hypocrite," returned Florimel, with Malcolm's account of his quarrel with the factor in her mind. "The mare is just as wicked as she looks, and the man as good. Believe me, my lord, that man you call a savage never told a lie in his life!" As she spoke she looked him hard in the face, with her father in her eyes.

Liftore could not return the look with equal steadiness. It seemed for the moment to be inquiring too curiously. "I know what you mean," he said. "You don't believe my professions." As he spoke he edged his horse close up to hers. "But," he went on, "if I know that I speak the truth when I swear that I love every breath of wind that has but touched your dress as it passed, that I would die gladly for one loving touch of your hand, why should you not let me ease my heart by saying so? Florimel, my life has been a different thing from the moment I saw you first. It has grown precious to me since I saw that it might be — Confound

the fellow! what's he about now with his horse-devil?"

For at that moment his lordship's horse, a high-bred but timid animal, sprang away from the side of Florimel's, and there stood Kelpie on her hind legs, pawing the air between him and his lady, and Florimel, whose old confidence in Malcolm was now more than revived, was laughing merrily at the discomfiture of his attempt at love-making. Her behavior and his own frustration put him in such a rage that, wheeling quickly round, he struck Kelpie, just as she dropped on all fours, a great cut with his whip across the haunches. She plunged and kicked violently, came within an inch of breaking his horse's leg, and flew across the rail into the park. Nothing could have suited Malcolm better. He did not punish her as he would have done had she been to blame, for he was always just to lower as well as higher animals, but he took her a great round at racing speed, while his mistress and her companion looked on, and every one in the Row stopped and stared. Finally, he hopped her over the rail again, and brought her up dripping and foaming to his mistress. Florimel's eyes were flashing, and Liftore looked still angry.

"Dinna du that again, my lord," said Malcolm. "Ye're no my maister; an' gien ye war, ye wad hae no richt to brak my neck."

"No fear of that. That's not how your neck will be broken, my man," said his lordship with an attempted laugh; for, though he was all the angrier that he was ashamed of what he had done, he dared not further wrong the servant before his mistress.

A policeman came up and laid his hand on Kelpie's bridle.

"Take care what you're about," said Malcolm: "the mare's not safe. There's my mistress, the Marchioness of Lossie."

The man saw an ugly look in Kelpie's eye, withdrew his hand and turned to Florimel.

"My groom is not to blame," said she. "Lord Liftore struck his mare, and she became ungovernable."

The man gave a look at Liftore, seemed to take his likeness, touched his hat, and withdrew.

"You'd better ride the jade home," said Liftore.

Malcolm only looked at his mistress. She moved on and he followed.

He was not so innocent in the affair as he had seemed. The expression of Liftore's face as he drew nearer to Florimel

was to him so hateful that he interfered in a very literal fashion: Kelpie had been doing no more than he made her until the earl struck her.

"Let us ride to Richmond to-morrow," said Florimel, "and have a good gallop in the park. Did you ever see a finer sight than that animal on the grass?"

"The fellow's too heavy for her," said Liftore: "I should very much like to try her myself."

Florimel pulled up and turned to Malcolm. "MacPhail," she said, "have that mare of yours ready whenever Lord Liftore chooses to ride her."

"I beg your pardon, my lady," returned Malcolm, "but would your ladyship make a condition with my lord that he shall not mount her anywhere on the stones."

"By Jove!" said Liftore scornfully, "you fancy yourself the only man that can ride."

"It's nothing to me, my lord, if you break your neck, but I am bound to tell you I do *not* think your lordship will sit my mare. Stoot can't, and I can only because I know her as well as my own palm."

The young earl made no answer, and they rode on, Malcolm nearer than his lordship liked.

"I can't think, Florimel," he said, "why you should want that fellow about you again. He is not only very awkward, but insolent as well."

"I should call it straightforward," returned Florimel.

"My dear Lady Lossie! See how close he is riding to us now."

"He is anxious, I dare say, as to your lordship's behavior. He is like some dogs that are a little too careful of their mistresses — touchy as to how they are addressed: not a bad fault in dog, or groom either. He saved my life once, and he was a great favorite with my father: I won't hear anything against him."

"But for your own sake — just consider: what will people say if you show any preference for a man like that?" said Liftore, who had already become jealous of the man who in his heart he feared could ride better than himself.

"My lord!" exclaimed Florimel, with a mingling of surprise and indignation in her voice, and, suddenly quickening her pace, dropped him behind.

Malcolm was after her so instantly that it brought him abreast of Liftore. "Keep your own place," said his lordship with stern rebuke.

"I keep my place to my mistress," returned Malcolm.

Liftore looked at him as if he would strike him. But he thought better of it apparently, and rode after Florimel.

CHAPTER XX.

BLUE PETER.

By the time he had put up Kelpie, Malcolm found that his only chance of seeing Blue Peter before he left London lay in going direct to the wharf. On his road he reflected on what had just passed, and was not altogether pleased with himself. He had nearly lost his temper with Liftore; and if he should act in any way unbefitting the position he had assumed, from the duties of which he was in no degree exonerated by the fact that he had assumed it for a purpose, it would not only be a failure in himself, but an impediment perhaps insurmountable in the path of his service. To attract attention was almost to ensure frustration. When he reached the wharf, he found they had nearly got her freight on board the smack. Blue Peter stood on the forecastle. He went to him and explained how it was that he had been unable to join him sooner.

"I didna ken ye," said Blue Peter, "in sic play-actor kin' o' claes."

"Nobody in London would look at me twice now. But you remember how we were stared at when first we came," said Malcolm.

"Ow, ay!" returned Peter with almost a groan. "There's a sair cheenge past upo' you, but I'm gauin' hame to the auld w'y o' things. The herrin' 'ill be aye to the fore, I'm thinkin'; an' gien we getna a harbor we'll get a h'aven."

Judging it better to take no notice of this pretty strong expression of distrust and disappointment, Malcolm led him aside, and putting a few sovereigns in his hand, said, "Here, Peter, that will take you home."

"It's ower muckle — a heap ower muckle. I'll tak naething frae ye but what'll pay my w'y."

"But what is such a trifle between friends?"

"There *was* a time, Ma'colm, when what was mine was yours, an' what was yours was mine, but that time's gane."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Peter; but still I owe you as much as that for bare wages."

"There was no word o' wages when ye said, 'Peter, come to Lon'on wi' me.' Davie there — he maun hae his wages."

"Weel," said Malcolm, thinking it better to give way, "I'm no abune bein' obleeged to ye, Peter. I maun bide my time, I see, for ye winna lippen till me. Eh, man! your faith 's sune at the wa'."

"Faith! what faith?" returned Peter, almost fiercely. "We're tauld to put no faith in man; an' gien I bena come to that yet freely, I'm nearer till't nor ever I was afore."

"Weel, Peter, a' 'at I can say is, I ken my ain hert, an' ye dinna ken't."

"Daur ye tell me!" cried Peter. "Disna the Scriptur' itsel' say the hert o' man is deceitfu' an' despratly wickit; who can know it?"

"Peter," said Malcolm — and he spoke very gently, for he understood that love and not hate was at the root of his friend's anger and injustice — "gien ye winna lippen to me, there's naething for't but I maun lippen to you. Gang hame to yer wife an' gi'e her my compliments, an' tell her a' 'at's past atween you an' me, as near, word for word, as ye can tell the same; an' say till her I pray her to judge atween you an' me, an' to mak the best o' me to ye 'at she can, for I wad ill thole to loss yer freenship, Peter."

The same moment came the command for all but passengers to go ashore. The men grasped each other's hand, looked each other in the eyes with something of mutual reproach, and parted — Blue Peter down the river to Scaurnose and Annie, Malcolm to the yacht lying still in the Upper Pool.

He saw it taken properly in charge, and arranged for having it towed up the river and anchored in the Chelsea Reach.

When Blue Peter found himself once more safe out at sea, with twelve hundred yards of canvas spread above him in one mighty wing betwixt boom and gaff, and the wind blowing half a gale, the weather inside him began to change a little. He began to see that he had not been behaving altogether as a friend ought. It was not that he saw reason for being better satisfied with Malcolm or his conduct, but reason for being worse satisfied with himself; and the consequence was that he grew still angrier with Malcolm, and the wrong he had done him seemed more and more an unpardonable one.

When he was at length seated on the top of the coach running betwixt Aberdeen and Fochabers, which would set him down as near Scaurnose as coach could go, he began to be doubtful how Annie, formally retained on Malcolm's side by the message he had to give her, would

judge in the question between them; for what did she know of theatres and such places? And the doubt strengthened as he neared home. The consequence was that he felt in no haste to execute Malcolm's commission; and hence the delights of greeting over, Annie was the first to open her bag of troubles: Mr. Crathie had given them notice to quit at midsummer.

"Jist what I micht hae expeckit!" cried Blue Peter, starting up. "Woe be to the man 'at puts his trust in princes! I luikit till him to save the fisher-fowk, an' no to the Lord, an' the tooer o' Siloam 's fa'en upo' my heid: what does he, the first thing, but turn his ain auld freens oot o' the sma' beild they had, that his father nor his gran'father, 'at was naither o' them God-fearin' men, wad never hae put their han' till! Eh, woman! but my hert's sair 'ithin me. To think o' Ma'colm MacPhail turnin' his back upo' them 'at's been freens wi' 'im sin' ever he was a wee loonie, rinnin' about in coatsies!"

"Hoot, man! what's gotten intill yer heid?" returned his wife. "It's no Ma'colm: it's the illy-wully factor. Bide ye till he comes till 's ain, an' Maister Crathie 'ill hae to lauch o' the wrang side o' 's mou'."

But thereupon Peter began his tale of how he had fared in London, and in the excitement of keenly anticipated evil, and with his recollection of events wrapped in the mist of a displeasure which had deepened during his journey, he so clothed the facts of Malcolm's conduct in the garments of his own feelings that the mind of Annie Mair also became speedily possessed with the fancy that their friend's good-fortune had upset his moral equilibrium, and that he had not only behaved to her husband with pride and arrogance, breaking all the ancient bonds of friendship between them, but had tried to seduce him from the ways of righteousness by inveigling him into a play-house, where marvels of wickedness were going on at the very time. She wept a few bitter tears of disappointment, dried them hastily, lifted her head high, and proceeded to set her affairs in order as if death were at the door.

For indeed it was to them as a death to leave Scaurnose. True, Annie came from inland, and was not of the fisher race, but this part of the coast she had known from childhood, and in this cottage all her married years had been spent, while banishment of the sort involved banishment from every place they knew, for all the

neighborhood was equally under the power of the factor. And, poor as their accommodation here was, they had plenty of open air and land-room; whereas if they should be compelled to go to any of the larger ports, it would be to circumstances greatly inferior and a neighborhood in all probability very undesirable for their children.

From The Contemporary Review.
BUNSEN AND HIS WIFE.

THE death of the Baronne de Bunsen, aged eighty-five, which has lately taken place at Carlsruhe, should revive the interest in her memoir of her husband, which will long be remembered as one of the very best books of its kind.

Hers was the appreciative, not the original mind, and she almost carried out the ideal in "The Princess,"

She set herself to man,
As perfect music unto noble words.

She was one with her husband in thought and feeling, tastes and actions; she enabled him to carry out his objects by her sympathy and by her active co-operation; she took upon herself the vexing petty cares of life, and left him free to follow out his political and literary career. Yet she was no "housewife," but shared all the best part of his mind upon all occasions. How much individual intellectual power, good sense, and insight into character she possessed, may be seen in the two large, thick volumes, wherein, with a tender reverence for her husband, in whose life her own was so completely merged, she made his character known to a circle far wider than even that in which he moved during his lifetime.

The book is peculiarly interesting to us as the story of one who, though a stranger in the land, and preserving his own individuality quite unbroken, yet identified himself with the best of English life in a manner which no other foreigner has ever done before or since.

Our pride of race, the supercilious habit of looking down on all other nations, as our inferiors in religion and politics, our shyness, exclusiveness, and insularity — our want of facility in other languages — combine to make a barrier into real English society which hardly any outsider from other lands finds it possible to pass. And although this must be the case more or less in every country, so that of the thou-

sands who traverse Europe to and fro, the number of men and women in each generation might almost be counted on one's fingers who have become really intimate with the French, German, or Italian upper class, yet in England the difficulty created by the want of a common language makes the bar far greater than elsewhere. As Lord Houghton once said in a paper upon education, scarcely any English *man* speaks even French sufficiently well to enjoy talking it, and other tongues are still stranger to his lips. It was the accident of Baron Bunsen having married an Englishwoman, and using her speech as fluently as his own, which first opened the door for him into that jealously-kept sanctuary of English social life, which his sympathy with the nation improved to the utmost. It is this which makes the book so valuable — to see ourselves as others see us; not through the eyes of what we might call "an insolent Frenchman" or "a dogmatic German," whom we could comfortably put aside with the feeling that "he does not understand us," but by one who touched all things as if he loved us, with a gentle, sympathetic reverence for all that was good, and a very kind tenderness even for our faults, which make his strictures tell home.

Bunsen's was a curious life of failure in the objects upon which he had set his heart. The gods shaped his ends to entirely contrary courses to those which he had rough-hewn for himself. He abhorred diplomacy, and his life was to be spent in little else. He preferred the learned leisure of a literary and artistic career, and he was condemned to the rush of London society as part of the duties of his position. He had a tender affection for his own country, yet during his lifetime he was almost singularly without influence in Germany, except through the personal friendship of the king, while he caused Prussia to be respected among nations in a manner which none of her internal arrangements before Sadowa and Sedan could have effected. He was not a great diplomatist, yet no ambassador ever took such a position before in England. He was anything but a great writer, yet he had more influence on his generation than many who were both, by sheer force of straightforward honesty in thought and action, true love of God and man, and sympathy with what was highest in thought and feeling wherever he went. It is to the honor of the world that he should have been so successful, for he had none of the adjuncts which generally raise men

to fortune — nothing but excellence, talent, and enormous industry.

He belonged, and prided himself on the fact, "to the kernel of the German nation, the cultivated and cultivating class of society;" and the record of the self-denial exercised by him and his parents in their poverty, and the sacrifices required to obtain the education which was like bread and meat to him, are exceedingly touching. At length, however, he obtained work at the Göttingen University, which enabled him to live independently while he pursued his own studies without interruption.

The "statement of his plan of intellectual work," laid before Niebuhr when he was only twenty-four, takes one's breath away by its extent and the enormous labor which it contemplated as possible. He "determines to combine three forms of contemplation, in order to interpret the problems of human knowledge, *i.e.*, philology, to arrange and treat individual historical facts; history, to discover their connection from their earliest development; and philosophy, to establish the principles by which philology and history investigate facts and laws of development, and mediate between fact and ideal conception," whatever this last may mean.

He wishes to "acquire the whole treasure of language in order to complete his favorite linguistic theories," to show the historical connection of German and Scandinavian heathenism with the East ("a study especially interesting as showing the history of nations"), and desires "to bring the language and spirit of the solemn East into communion with the European mind."

To accomplish this gigantic plan he went to Paris to study Persian, intending to follow it up with Sanskrit; while in order to acquire the more modern languages of India, he proposed to spend three years at Calcutta. The material part of his scheme he hoped to carry out by joining an "Oriental journey of linguistic research," which he trusted, under the auspices of Niebuhr, would be sent out by the Prussian government. Meantime he earned money to support himself by teaching; undertook to accompany a young American on his travels, and even went as far as Florence with a young Englishman; but both plans dropped through, and at length he set forth on his own resources to meet Niebuhr, the ambassador at Rome, and his old friend Brandis, secretary of legation, through whom he hoped to obtain some opening for work. His enjoyment of the new life is delightful even to

read of. The art, the antiquities, the climate, the exquisite beauty, the leisure for study (for teaching evidently bored him infinitely), the congenial society, all filled him with rapture. "There is but one Rome and one Niebuhr," he says. He plunges into a whole polyglot of reading: Plato, Firdusi, the Koran, Dante, Isaiah, the Eddas, all in their own tongues. A different influence, however, was at hand, more charming than Firdusi, more interesting even than the Eddas. He falls in with an English family with three daughters; and very soon declares how he had "always thought that his old love, his plan of study and travel, would have prevented the devoting of his whole heart and being to another and human bride." Woman, however, was stronger than learning and carried the day.

The courtship was short, but they had ample means of becoming really acquainted with each other's characters and tastes, in the easy, pleasant intercourse of Rome, and during their visits to all the great objects of interest, where the learned young German was an invaluable companion. The natural objections against a marriage where the bridegroom was absolutely peniless were great, but Niebuhr promised his assistance, and declared that Bunsen was certain to succeed in life; and the young couple were married in June, 1817.

Then comes a paradisiacal interlude at an "exquisite villa at Frascati," "the terrace of which looks down over vineyards, fields of maize, olives, fig-trees, and a long avenue of cypresses and pines." From the balcony of his room they "can see the Mediterranean in the distance, the beautiful Sabine mountains to the right, forming a semicircle round that end of the plain, and Rome in the centre. Springing fountains rise out of marble basins in the garden, most refreshing in this hot weather (July), pots of myrtles and flowers, blue skies," "all fair sights and sounds" are about them. Here he added to his other interests a study of the Bible with his wife, but felt a little uneasy in the midst of his happiness at the thought of what his friends would say to his giving up India; still after all, he reflects, "it was only a means to an end," and he "hopes without misgiving to accomplish what is necessary" in other ways. In October they returned to Rome, and established themselves in a suite of great, bare, half-furnished rooms in the Palazzo Caffarelli, on the Tarpeian rock; where once Charles V. was said to have been lodged. "The prospect has not its equal for beauty and

interest, extending all over the city of Rome; the Forum on one side, the Capitol behind; but it is little known, as the Romans are too lazy to climb the hill on which it stands."

Here they passed the next twenty-two years — a delightful life, combining more elements of a rational and useful career with the satisfaction of both their tastes, for art and beauty and knowledge, than often falls to the lot of men. In this prosaic world, however, food and clothing must somehow be supplied, and in spite of his extreme reluctance, he was gradually drawn by this necessity into the diplomatic career. During the illness of Brandis he undertook the post of secretary of legation, "but I would on no account remain in the diplomatic career," he still says. "I detest that course of life too much, and only look on it as a means of becoming independent. The commonplace life of public business is so pitiful compared to a course of philosophical and literary labors." He "wishes to be a professor," he writes again and again. It was another curious instance of how his own plans for life were overthrown. Step by step he became entangled in diplomatic business, the charm of the society of the chief, Niebuhr, seeming to have had a great share in determining his final resolution, as he constantly alludes in his letters to the kindness of the great man, and his delightful intercourse with him. He continued to read and write on every conceivable subject, and soon undertook to prepare a joint description of Rome with Niebuhr, "he for the ancient, I for the modern part, especially an essay on ancient Christian churches," as the history of the basilicas was petularily interesting to him; while he found time for trifles, such as the "Athenian law of inheritance."

The wealth of antiquarian interest in Rome, ever new, ever suggestive, was to him a never-failing delight. "I have hardly known a day ever since we have lived here when something has not been discovered, or some curious question cleared up," he once said. The labor, however, of preparing his share of the Roman work was great, from his extreme conscientiousness and desire for accuracy, while the time had to be taken from his short intervals of rest from diplomatic work.

There follows a visit to Niebuhr at Tivoli, where he and his wife remained for some time, "the happiest in his life." He rejoices that "Fanny should really become

intimate with the simplicity of greatness and inexhaustible animation of their host, his interest in all that is good, true, learned, and wise; the richness and charm of his conversation, which commanded every subject, and the high-minded absence of everything trivial." "His great personal kindness to Fanny and me" is continually alluded to.

Then follows a whole encyclopædia of subjects which they discussed together. They had been talking of the Athenian orators.

I begin to understand the justness of Niebuhr's democratic tendency with respect to Athens, which formerly seemed to me to do wrong to Plato and others. When one becomes better acquainted with the insolence and cruelty of the aristocracy of Athens, there seems to have been no alternative between a democracy such as Demosthenes desired and the acceptance of Alcibiades as *tyrannos*.

Niebuhr has given me authentic data showing how little Malthus' facts concerning the proportionate increase of population and production really prove. Neither Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, nor France are nearly so populous now as in the Middle Ages, some parts of Germany not even so much so as before the Thirty Years' War. This is caused by the prevalence of epidemical disorders even more than by wars. Another series of facts regards the rates of increase of population to extent of country and the moral state of society at the time.

He winds up with finding out that the deeper he goes into history and politics the more he feels that he must go to England to inquire, investigate, and observe.

He begins to put aside the study of language for a time: "all separation between knowledge and action is unsound and enfeebling; one must learn what exists, what may be done, how best by system and principle this can be carried out; and then, each according to his ability, to strive to accomplish it;" and this may truly be said to have been his aim through life — to strive by every means in his power to find out what was true, and then earnestly attempt to put it in practice. "Later," he says, "comes a life and time for contemplation, and the inquiry into the past returns with new force."

His life gave him one great advantage: by dwelling so much in foreign lands, and with men of such various nationalities, he was freed from that "belief in conventionalities," that "pedantry in raising things external to the rank of duties," that "almost religious strictness in the observation of forms," which men, and still more often women, who live in a set,

so often fall into, and which sometimes vexed his soul, particularly among the English.

"We live," he writes to his sister, "almost entirely out of what is called the world. Sunday and Monday evenings we read the Bible with the Prussian chaplain, on Thursday Niebuhr receives, Monday we meet for singing of old church music."

His interest in music continued to be strong throughout his life; at first he only cared for it when accompanied by words. Art, indeed, at this time was interesting to him only as expressing thoughts and feelings, the technical part was of little worth to him, and his shortsightedness prevented much of the pleasure afforded by pictures and architecture. But later on he has found out that "music possesses the high privilege of showing how much there is, intensely affecting the human soul, that thought cannot grasp nor language utter." A palimpsest MS. on music, which had been found at Pompeii, sets him on studying the whole subject in ancient and modern times with a special view to the reformation of hymns in Germany "as the first step to a revival of Christian worship." He was much assisted in these studies by the papal choir, whom, as a very rare favor, he persuaded to come and sing at his house, chiefly selections from Palestrina for four voices.

The *canto fermo* or plain chant was imposed by a special law of the Council of Trent on the private chapel of the pope as the only style suitable to the solemnity of the papal presence. This was the basis of the music of Palestrina and Allegri, and was founded on the scanty fragments of the musical system of the ancient Greeks, which have been handed down to us.

He was delighted with a litany to the Virgin, sung on the eve of her festivals by the Roman peasants in the Piazza Madonna, and dating from the tenth century, the only one remaining of a class of popular devotional musical exercises which had been broken up by the French occupation at the time of the Revolution.

He then undertook the examination of above two thousand hymns, and selected one hundred and fifty "as a step towards a common form of Christian worship," "a plan which Luther had pointed out, but did not execute." In his comparison of different liturgies, he says, —

The English is constructed from a grand point of view, adapted with much wisdom to the wants of the people at the period it was put together, and represents Christian worship

far more thoroughly than anything I have seen in Germany, Holland, or Denmark.

He wished to "make the historical treatment of the conception of the Lord's Supper the principal work of his life in future years;" "the spiritual priesthood of all Christians, the true idea of self-sacrifice, the continuous spiritual giving of thanks which became afterwards the sacrifice of the mass." One of the great pleasures of this period (1821) to Bunsen and his wife "consisted in the study of the creations of Thorwaldsen's genius;" they found him one day in the act of finishing the statue of Mercury, and he told how a sitting figure in perfect repose, but on the point of action, had occurred to him as admirable, and that he had just hit upon a subject to furnish it with meaning, "Mercury having lulled Argus to sleep, and grasping his sword, about to strike him, watching lest the hundred eyes should open again." He had lately finished his colossal statue of Christ for Copenhagen, and said he feared he must have reached his best and be about to decline, for "I have never before been satisfied with any of my works; I am satisfied with this, so I must be on the road to decay."

A fatal Roman fever broke in on the happy family life: they lost their eldest little girl at Albano, and there is a touching account of Niebuhr's extreme tenderness for them in their grief; both father and mother caught the disorder, and Bunsen suffered long and acutely.

In the winter of 1822 the king of Prussia and his two sons arrived in Rome, and Bunsen was deputed by Niebuhr to "explain Rome" to them. This was his first acquaintance with the prince, who returned alone in the following year, and whose friendship with Bunsen continued unbroken to the end of his life.

Through the great rooms of the Palazzo Caffarelli now passed all who were worth knowing of every nationality, and the catalogue itself is almost a history of the time. Dr. Arnold, Stein ("whom he felt to be his king"), Lord Sandon, Lord Dudley Stuart, Pusey, the Chevalier Neukomm, nominally *maitre de chapelle* to Talleyrand, who hated music but liked his company; the Duc de Luynes, with his knowledge of antiquities; Thirlwall, and later, Gladstone — men who had no time at home to enjoy themselves, but were only too happy to study Rome in company with one so willing and able to communicate knowledge pleasantly as Bunsen.

"Lord Colchester has arrived in a most disconsolate state of mind, declaring that

the English constitution will not last sixty years longer;" "indeed the times we live in," says Bunsen himself, in a letter of 1821, "are most unsatisfactory; men's minds are unfixed, lost in self-interest, sentimentality, and self-contemplation." Niebuhr, as he grew older, had lost his love of republics, unless at the distance of two thousand years. He had become more conservative and French in his ideas, while Bunsen was gradually drawing nearer to England, which he now hoped to visit. Instead of this, when at length Niebuhr threw up his post as minister in 1823, Bunsen, much against his own wishes, agreed to remain till a new minister arrived, "but only till then. What can I expect here but splendid poverty? receiving thousands only to expend the money on outward appearances and honor." "I have ambition, but it must be satisfied in the honor of my own choice. A man should so love his profession as to accept with indifference all events proceeding from it."

The burning of the magnificent church of San Paolo fuori le Mura, with its mosaics of the ninth century, which Bunsen had greatly delighted in—"its beams of cedar of Lebanon above a thousand years old, and the columns of violet marble taken from the mausoleum of Hadrian"—"was an event even in the eventful year 1823." The old pope, Pius VII., was dying at the time, and a strange account is given of the funeral, "according to long-fixed custom," showing the sort of sentiment which had been inspired by the pontiffs beforetime among their people:—

His remains lay in state, first at the Quirinal, and then at St. Peter's, where they were taken by night, not with chanting and a great attendance of clergy, but with troops, pieces of artillery and ammunition-waggons, and no light but straggling torches in the narrow streets, where the moonlight could not penetrate—these precautions dating from the times when they were necessary to defend the corpse of the pope from being attacked by the populace. At the funeral of Paul IV., a Caraffa, a band of the people, having failed in their attempt to attack the remains, knocked off the head of one of his statues, and after parading it about the streets, threw it into the Tiber.

Then follows the election of the new pope, the cardinals walking in procession to the conclave in the palace of the Quirinal, preceded by the attendants who were to be shut in with them, and the singers performing the "*Veni, Creator Spiritus*." The votes of the cardinals were collected by ballot twice a day, and burned at once,

till the requisite majority was obtained. The small thread of smoke was carefully watched by a crowd of idlers, to know whether the end was come. The pasquinades, the rumors "containing an acrid venom which caused it to be supposed they were concocted chiefly by the lower clergy," are mentioned, with many curious details which we may see repeated any day—the nominees of the three Catholic powers being at last all quietly put aside by the Italian majority of cardinals, and an Italian bishop, Leo XII., selected.

The new pope was carried with the accustomed state to St. Peter's, "and actually seated on the high altar, to be adored," the literal expression used. The Russian minister was much scandalized, and said, "*Je suis schismatique, et je n'ai pas le droit de juger des affaires Catholiques, mais ce qui me paraît étrange c'est que le pape ait posé le séant là où l'on place le Seigneur*."

Not long after this period Bunsen was made Prussian minister, a post which he accepted with many qualms, and the fatigue of which was much increased by having for some time no one to help him but his wife in the clerical work of the legation. He much felt, too, the want of the rest of Sunday, "an institution which does not exist at Rome."

His position seems to have been complicated by the jealousy of him and his influence over the king felt at Berlin; his trusty Fanny complaining of the "misapprehension of that truly German heart in his own country." He admits however, himself, after one of his visits to Germany, that "the conception of one's own country becomes more and more ideal in absence, and finally untrue to fact." He was shortly after summoned to Berlin, where his visit was, nevertheless, a success. The king was very gracious, showed much interest in the antiquarian discoveries made at Rome, and discussed at great length, and after Bunsen's own heart, "the best kind of public worship and the right ideal of a Christian state." He remained away six months, and the honor done to him in his own land rejoiced his wife's inmost heart, when he returned to his post evidently much refreshed. His affection for Rome was deep—"It would indeed be hard for me to leave the metropolis of the world; and all other towns are villages and *parvenues* compared with this queen of the earth." There are a page or two at this point which evidently intimate a great deal of inconvenience and even suffering to Madame de Bunsen herself, very gently

hinted at. Bunsen brought his sister from Germany to live with them. She was thoroughly uncongenial in every way, and the seven and a half weary years that she spent with the family were indeed "one long mistake."

Again comes the record of the hosts of interesting people from all countries who appeared in his *salons*: "Lord and Lady Hastings, returning from their regal position in India; Champollion and his hieroglyphics; Madame Recamier, with the old charm lingering about her; Count Montmorenci, one of the most constant of her adorers; Cardinal Cappacini, then a minister of the pope's," a pleasant, lively old man, who was fond of telling how he had been sent to England at the time of the peace, and had positively given the pope's health at a public dinner, which was received very well, such was the general good-humor. "Everything," he said, "was charming in England, except those black birds that fly about the high trees" — the rooks. Mendelssohn, then only a lad of twenty, is described as one of the "most amiable and attaching of human beings," deep at that time in the study of chorale music. "The rare charm of his mind and character is shown in his letters," and Bunsen's feeling towards "one so bright and pure was as to a son."

Each winter has its glimpses of pleasant society — in 1828, Thirlwall, St. Aulaire, Dr. Arnold. Chateaubriand had just arrived as French ambassador, and Bunsen complains of his "uneasy vanity, wrapped up in himself and in the desire of producing an effect." "One evening in his own house, and in a room full of guests, he stood for some time, rapt, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling."

It was perhaps with some of the same feeling that he once observed to Bunsen (it was at the funeral of Leo XII.) "that as regarded Catholic emancipation in England, although he rejoiced at it for the sake of human nature, he regretted it as a Catholic, since it would do harm to the Church."

The times were full of anxiety to Bunsen: —

This age [he says] is one of relaxation and lukewarmness, and yet what great things are demanded of it. The events are great and the men are small, the fermentation of change goes on — prejudice on one side, narrow-mindedness on the other; one striving to stave up the crumbling past with unsound props, the other to build anew without foundations.

You think [he writes to Dr. Arnold on the Reform agitation in England] that the prin-

ciple of power, according to the majority of a population, is fraught with evil.

The French Revolution of 1830 had a strange effect upon Niebuhr. He was in a fever of alarm, and seems to have thought that all Europe would shortly be in flames. He was furious with England for entertaining friendly relations with France, and talked of "the alliance of the tiger and the shark." He died the following year, having almost received his death-blow from his extreme agitation.

The household at Palazzo Caffarelli was to him, however, to the last, a source of great pleasure. In a long and affectionate letter to him, Bunsen says: —

My position is all that I could wish, more advantageous than I ever could have expected. To remain in the Capitol is essential to my happiness. . . . Our happy condition is owing to you, and our thoughts turn naturally to you as its author.

"Nothing can replace Niebuhr to me," he declares fervently after his death. In 1833 Walter Scott is mentioned among their guests; Augustus and Julius Hare, Tourgueneff, and the grande duchesse Stephanie, daughter of Hortense Beauharnais, one of the few relics then left of the Napoleonic dynasties.

In the same year he made an expedition with his wife and children to see the Etruscan tombs near Veui, which had just been discovered, and which interested him extremely. On one occasion at Corneto when an opening was made in the brickwork, the first who looked in "saw for a moment a figure in full armor, lying on a bier; but as the outward air entered, it vanished with a cracking noise, and nothing remained but a heap of oxidized metal round the bones."

He strove, and successfully, to keep up all his old interests, but "life is an art; to carry on public business without giving up study." "Power is one among the means of success, but only the use of the right means has a blessing on it."

In 1834 he is receiving Lord Ashley, and hearing much of schools, and is reading Newman's "Arians." "Oh heavens! what a book!" he ejaculates, and even then complains of "the dreadful hankering after papism" of the great convert of the future.

Very tedious negotiations were going on at this time between Prussia and Rome on the subject of mixed marriages and the forced attendance of Catholic soldiers at Protestant worship, a piece of intolerance

which Bunsen only persuaded the king to give up by a *coup de main*.

Towards the end of the following year the cholera broke out at Rome, and Madame de Bunsen's description of the utter disorganization of society under the terror of it, the extreme barbarism of the "chosen people," their ignorance and cruelty amounting to barbarity, and the low state of feeling at the heart of Christendom, is extremely curious. There was almost an insurrection to prevent hospitals from being established. Every one, as long as he was not attacked himself, "considered every cholera patient as an excommunicated being," of whom it mattered not what becomes. Twelve thousand people died of it. The rumors of poisoning were as rife as in the Middle Ages, and wretched people accused of the crime were assassinated in the streets. An English teacher was pursued and killed after receiving eleven stabs from poniards, while the pope shut himself up in the Quirinal, and refused to allow his own physician to attend any cholera patients for fear of infection to himself.

In 1837 a visit to England was arranged, and Bunsen's enthusiasm at the idea is pleasant to read. "I can scarcely master the storm of feeling in thinking I am on the direct road to my Ithaca, my island fatherland, the bulwark of religion and of civil liberty."

His time with us was a great success; he was received at once as an old friend, and at once entered into the enjoyment of all that was best among us as by right. It is curious to mark the level to which the tide of thought had then reached. Arnold's interpretation of prophecy, "that the writer is not a mechanical instrument in the hands of the Spirit," seems to have created much opposition. Pritchard's book upon races was another bone of contention.

One of Madame de Bunsen's sisters was married to Lord Llanover in Wales, and to their house Bunsen, in company with Lepsius, went down to give the prize for the best Welsh essay at a grand Eistedfodd, then a novelty and an event.

He saw a great deal of Gladstone at this time (1838), and calls him "the first man in England as to intellectual power. He has heard higher tones than any one else in this island. His book" (which he does not much like) "is far above his party and his time, but he walks sadly in the trammels of his Oxford friends in some points." Amidst his other changes of thought, it may probably still be said

how much his Oxford training clings to Gladstone, whether for good or evil.

In the busiest seasons Bunsen never gave up the thread of his family life, and shared his day's work as much as possible with them. His daily Scripture reading, ushered in by one of his beloved hymns, always began the day, and one of his many touching tributes to his wife as to her share in their past and present was written in this year. "The load of our earthly toil has increased upon us, and its principal weight is thrown upon your shoulders." "You are turning singly and alone the heavy wheel of life's daily work, while I have been refreshed by nature, art, and the study of human nature." But when working with and for him no load seemed heavy to her.

He was much struck with the power of the elevating and buoyant atmosphere of English domestic and public life, although "the deficiency of the method of handling ideas in this blessed island" is sad in his eyes.

"The great national existence, such as the English people alone have at this present time, is grand and elevating of itself. The power of thought belongs to us (the Germans) in this day of the world's history. . . ." There is a regret in the ring of the passage for the political state of his own country. He attended the opening of Parliament, and was "more and more struck by the great position of a minister in England. I heard Lord John Russell speak," and felt "that here man was in his highest place, defending the interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech." "Had I been born in England, I had rather be dead than not sit and speak among them!" He breakfasts at Sir Robert Inglis's, meeting Sandon (Lord Harrowby) "with the old good face," Arnold, and Lord Mahon, and another day Gladstone. "This man's humility and modesty make me ashamed," he adds. The little touches of character are very interesting. At a breakfast at Mr. Hallam's he sits between the host and Macaulay, "who was evidently writing the article in the *Edinburgh* on Gladstone's book; he spoke with all the power of his mind (or rather *esprit*) on the subject. He is the Demosthenes and Cicero of the Whigs." Lord Mahon, Kemble, Empson, and Philip Pusey were there, the conversation very lively and instructive. They said that O'Connell cannot be eloquent unless greeted by cheers from the opposite side; he is heard now in silence, and becomes weary and tiresome. Then comes

a literary breakfast at "Milnes," another at Bishop Stanley's, and a lecture of Carlyle's. He goes from a meeting at Crosby Hall, where he sees "his favorite saint, Mrs. Fry," to a dinner, where he meets Dr. Pusey, "whose feeling against the Low Church and Calvinism is almost passion."

A sermon from Maurice at Gray's Inn impresses him exceedingly. "He does not read the prayers, but prays them with an intensity of seriousness which would make it hard not to pray with him." The remembrance of a bit of what now may be called almost fossil bigotry is revived when he relates how "Buckland is persecuted for asserting that fossil beasts and reptiles were pre-Adamite. 'What open infidelity! Did not death come into the world on account of Adam's sin?'"

His delight in the great oratorios at Exeter Hall is extreme. "Only in England is the Handelian tradition in real existence."

He was amused and interested by the scene at Oxford, when he received an honorary degree, and met many of his friends, Arnold among others, whose health gave him much uneasiness. "He will sink, I fear, under his work; he ought to be given a deanery; there are no such professorships where he could take refuge as in Germany." But Arnold's day of recognition did not really come until after his death, and when his life had been explained to the world by his younger friend, in that singularly beautiful memoir which has already become almost a classic in English literature.

Bunsen's brilliant visit, however, to England soon came to an end, and in 1840 he was sent as envoy to Switzerland.

He passed through Paris on his way, "an intellectual oasis in that Gallic desert," as he calls it; saw Bournouf, and had much talk on Egypt, and was afterwards occupied in his retreat at Berne with "trying to reconcile Egyptian, Babylonish, and Judaic chronology."

Again he visited Berlin, and found the king most friendly, but his clear-sighted wife observes "how Bunsen's sanguine nature hoped for different results from him than were possible indeed from kings."

"Be not chilled by the coldness of those about you," he says, in a letter written at this time; "the perseverance of love and patience together" brings about great results.

A visit to Falk of Weimar, who had adopted a number of orphans deserted in the great war, interested him much. The

widespread misery of that period struck him even so long after it was over as 1840.

At length he was sent on the mission to England, and the pleasure of their return there to remain permanently was great to both husband and wife. He immediately assumed a place among us which no other ambassador had ever here obtained, living habitually with the best minds which England at the time possessed. His sympathies were singularly Catholic: there were so many sides to his mind, that he had points of contact with the greatest possible variety of men, while he saw the best side of all. Perhaps Arnold, Julius Hare, and Whately might be said to be those with whom, however, he most truly fraternized; indeed the four were sometimes accused of living too much "in a mutual admiration society."

It almost takes one's breath away only to read the list of occupations which had to be crowded into every day, — the letters, the politics, the receptions, the diplomatic work, the social engagements, the philanthropic interests in which he joined, — and amidst all this the constancy with which he always contrived to steal time for his literary pursuits, — the amount of his daily reading, and the intercourse with literary men, to which, as to his old love, he always returned with unfailing zest. To the end of his life he was ever essentially a learner, with a youthful interest in knowledge, a power of acquiring, undaunted and unslacked by the pressure of work which sometimes became too heavy for even his strength.

He enjoyed to the utmost that full tide of life — social, political, scientific, and literary — which can only be found to perfection in London or Paris, and which he missed acutely afterwards in "the slack water" of Heidelberg and Bonn. Occasionally, however, he speaks bitterly of "the conflicting currents, disturbances, and interruptions of his outward calling and the convictions of the inner man."

I seek to preserve peace and unity and remove dissatisfaction here, and then I learn daily much in this country of life itself. Therein consists English greatness. In art and science we, the Germans, have the advantage, the true poetry and philosophy of England is in life, and not in the abstract consciousness of that life.

His interest turned ever towards theological subjects, "the period between Origen and Luther," when the hierarchical system was established. The "new birth"

which he expects "is slow and difficult, the new reformation which the world wants everywhere. We Germans alone can give the formula of the new consciousness of Christianity: "a universal priesthood, instead of an exclusive order, is what we may hope for in the future; works of love instead of professions of faith, a belief in a God within us, *i.e.*, Christ, with such awe and humility as can alone preserve him to our souls."

As time went on he was painfully struck with "the religious state of England, the inward disease, fearful hollowiness, spiritual death of the philosophical and theological forms of the nation;" the manner in which the "outward forms no longer expressed the inward emotion."

The German nation has neglected and sacrificed all political, individual existence and common freedom, to pursue in faith the search after truth. In England the political life has eaten out the other.

Plato says, that seven years of silent inquiry are needful for a man to know the truth, but fourteen in order to learn how to make it known to his fellow-man, — [a proportion he does not find observed!]

The direction of the Church of England since 1843 [seemed to him] to have been erroneous, the hierarchical tendency now prevailing cannot hold. I more and more feel it to be an axiom, that Christology, as taught by the Churches, cannot be brought into union with the right interpretation of Scripture, the historical views, speculative thought, and moral consciousness of the time we live in.

Why should we be impeded by the falsely so-called Apostles' Creed, or the pre-eminence given in it to the mythical deposit of the deep impression produced by the divine revelation in Christ, which has become predominant in the churches? . . . Why should not faith in the divine revelation be true and vigorous, when it assumes that man is the highest exponent of that divine revelation which is given to us mortals?

To attribute infallibility to Ezra's synagogue and the Maccabæan successors is worse than to ask it for the pope, it is sheer rabbinism or prejudice.

In England everything except the moral principle in the form of the fear of God is deathlike. Thought itself is crudely rationalistic here, public worship in general lifeless, and the vivifying spirit startles like a spectre when it appears.

The rising generation [appeared to him to be] partly infidel and partly bigoted.

These are a few of the scattered notices of his thoughts during the next twelve years that he spent amongst us. A curious sketch might be worked out from the "life" of the changes and phases of religious opinion which he witnessed.

He believed cordially in the mission of his own nation. "We are still," he says, "the chosen people of God, the Christian Hellenes, but the intellectual life in my native country wants interpretation."

The idealizing, sentimental German manner of looking at politics which characterized him, clung to him throughout his diplomatic career, and made the hard-headed common sense of such statesmen as Lord Palmerston sovereignly antipathetic, particularly on such questions as the establishment of a joint bishopric at Jerusalem by England and Prussia, and the woes of Schleswig-Holstein, so soon to be absorbed entire by her chivalrous protector.

But politics had never the absorbing interest for him which literature possessed, and he falls back gladly upon his Oriental and philological studies, carried out by Max Müller in a way which he heartily admired and almost envied — on Lepsius and Egypt, and Rawlinson's "unspeakably instructive Babylonian inscriptions," — in a tone of longing which is almost pathetic.

The account given by Madame de Bunsen of their visits to Windsor and Osborne, and of Bunsen's conversations with Prince Albert, show what congenial minds they found in each other.

At one time they were "discussing the relative position of the three nationalities of England, France, and Germany, to each other and the world. . . . France forms the medium between the practical English and the theoretic German. They have always understood how to coin the gold of intelligence and bring it into circulation, but their influence is diminishing. The prince observed one day that the danger of the French nation was in licentiousness, the Englishman's besetting sin was selfishness, that of the German self-conceit; every German knows all and everything better than all other folk."

"My life is one of great and varied interest," Bunsen writes at this time. "I am to find the old duke at Windsor, whom the queen has often caused me to meet, and who is always peculiarly communicative to me." On the eve of the 10th of April, when thrones and constitutions were shaking all over Europe, and fears were expressed for the stability of England, he met the duke again at Lady Palmerston's. "Your grace will take us all in charge?" "Yes, but not a soldier shall be seen unless in actual need; if the force of law is overpowered, then is their time; it is not fair on either side to call them in to do the work of police — the military must

not be confounded with the police, nor merged in the police'—grand maxims of political wisdom."

His intercourse, indeed, with the queen and Prince Albert was singularly interesting and free. The fact of his being a German and an ambassador seems to have enabled them to admit him to a kind of intellectual intimacy which they did not allow themselves elsewhere. Prince Albert, a man of original thought, and with the healthy desire to put that thought into action which a clever benevolent man must feel, was yet denied the smallest loophole for its exercise except vicariously. Bunsen talks of "the absurd jealousy of the English, who refused in his case to acknowledge their own favorite dogma that the wife is, and ought to be, under the influence of her husband." The queen's touching account of the manner in which Albert accepted this most difficult and trying position, and how much he was able to accomplish under such trammels, is confirmed again and again in Bunsen's letters. And the testimony which he bears to the character of the queen, and her virtues, is one which any person in any class of life might well be proud of.

"A pleasant evening at Osborne" he describes once:—

It is here that the queen feels herself most at home; she here enjoys her domestic life and family happiness to her heart's content, walks in her beautiful gardens and grounds with the prince and her children. The prospect of the sea and of the proud men-of-war of Great Britain in the midst of a quiet rural population is very striking.

Madame de Bunsen particularly mentions "the truth and reality of the queen's expression, which so strongly distinguishes her countenance from the fixed mask only too common in the royal rank of society."

The Great Exhibition had just been started on one of these visits, and the prince was full of hopes as to the good which it might be expected to bring in its train. "No one could conduct the undertaking but the prince, from his great versatility of knowledge and his impartiality. I suggested a mixed jury."

Whether staying at Windsor or Osborne, he repeatedly alludes to the amount of hard work which the queen has to perform and her conscientious mode of doing it.

To-day [he says] pacing up and down the corridor at Windsor, looking out on the towers and turrets, I was meditating on the happiness

which dwells within these walls, founded on reason, integrity, and love. It is a pattern of the well-ordered, inwardly vigorous, and flourishing life which spreads all around, even to the extremities of this great island.

The whole account is a great testimony both to the queen and her husband; and, remembering how near was the catastrophe of their separation, the description of the happiness of the queen is most pathetic.

He is, of course, in communication with all the ministers and statesmen of the day, and little hints as to their idiosyncrasies crop up. "Met Palmerston to-day, sweet as honey;" and he gives instances of his kindly nature. "A letter from Gladstone of twenty-four pages; he is beset with scruples, his heart is with us, but his mind is entangled in a narrow system. He is by far the first intellectual power on that side." "We dined at the American minister's, and heard Macaulay talk almost the whole dinner through," etc., etc.

But most interesting of all are the notices, as before said, of the phases of religious and political thought in England which he witnessed, the extraordinary changes in freedom of opinion which have taken place, the stir on all manner of social questions which has marked the last thirty or forty years; these all pass before us in Madame de Bunsen's book, just touched on, noted without passion, not fought over, but looked at with no party view either political or religious, in a way which would be quite impossible for a native Englishman however impartial—with a candor which requires the distance attained only by time or by a different nationality—a perspective which no soldier engaged in the *mêlée* could ever even hope to reach.

The abortive Hampden discussion, which risked so much for one who so little merited the trouble he caused; the Gorham controversy, which threatened a sort of Free-Church secession of the Evangelical party, implying the extraordinary question whether it pleases God to damn little unbaptized babies eternally or not—"the judgment was one of the most remarkable pronounced since the Reformation and civil wars, on a point of faith, proving that the liturgy was intended to soften and relax doctrine, not to make the articles more strict;" the great High-Church movement of Newman, Pusey, and Keble; the reaction against the narrowness and ugliness, the want of Catholic sympathies and æsthetic tastes alike of the Low-Church party,—which yet had

been doing such admirable service in its time against the dead, cold rationalism of the eighteenth century; the almost forgotten struggles of Arnold for freedom of thought and action, which are now merged in his fame as the first of our time who took the large view of English education, for which one must otherwise go back to Dean Colet and Milton; the storms in a teacup over the rejection of Mr. Maurice from his professorship at King's College, for doubting the eternity of damnation and hoping for the final salvation of the race; the curious bit of diluted mediævalism, the heretical book luckily taking the place of the heretic himself, when Sewell gravely burned the "Nemesis of Faith" in the quadrangle of Exeter,—a solemn farce almost incredible in these days,—all these in succession are alluded to with a singular equality of unruffled interest. He was amongst us, and yet not of us.

At length, and somewhat suddenly, in 1854, the times of repose for which he had so often sighed was at hand. The political interest opposed to his own triumphed at Berlin, and he was dismissed, although with very kind expressions of private regard from the king, yet somewhat painfully after such long service. Thenceforth his life was one of literary retirement.

I have at last come to the point which I have been striving after since 1817,—the Life of Christ,—although I must begin by clearing the porch and entrance-hall of the temple, obstructed by the theologians, still more than by the philosophers.

Many of his ten sons and daughters were now married, and he and the remainder of his family established themselves for a time in a *château* near Heidelberg, with a beautiful view of the Neckar and the hills, where they remained for several years, he writing and reading incessantly as usual, and seeing a number of friends on their way to and from the south. The situation proved, however, in winter to be both cold and solitary, and he missed the command of the best society, to which he had been accustomed all his life,—the more so as he grew older and weaker.

The family then retired to Bonn, and continued there (with a short flight to Cannes) until his death, aged sixty-nine, in 1860, when he sank away with that full faith in God's presence in, and action on the world, both here and hereafter, which had characterized his whole life. "It is sweet to die," he repeated; "with all weakness and imperfection I have ever lived, striven

after, and willed the best and noblest only. But the best and highest is to have known Jesus Christ." His "Life of Jesus" had been one of the great interests of his declining years, carried on to the last in spite of much pain and feebleness. "A life in the first place of only two years out of thirty-two, and since that of 1800 more"—of One so truly indeed living to him forever.

Turning to his wife he said, "We shall meet again before God; if I have walked towards him, it was by your help." He spoke of old friends and old times in Rome by her side, the agitation with which he had left the Capitol, and how they "had constructed a new Capitol in free England which they had enjoyed for twelve and a half years." "How graciously had God conducted him!"

His mind was essentially pious, in the beautiful sense of the old word; God was to him a reality to whom he referred all his thoughts and actions, and to Him he passed tranquilly away as a son into the bosom of his father.

Very few men have methodized their convictions or their ideas; the different parts of their minds have grown at different times and in different associations, and often do not harmonize. Bunsen's mind was like some great mediæval structure, some *hôtel de ville* or cathedral in an old Flemish town, where a bit of Renaissance is built on to a severe round Roman tower, or the capital of a semi-Italian period is added to an "early English" window, but neither can be pulled to pieces without destroying the whole, and they must go down together to the end. Accordingly words of belief in mesmerism and its cognates strangely contrast with the destructive historic theories which he shared with Niebuhr, and his fearless investigations into Biblical history and chronology.

His powers of acquisition were altogether out of proportion to his power of digestion, and the inchoate volumes full of invaluable learning remind one of a builder's yard: the carved work, the lintels, the pieces of cornice, are all there, but who will put together the great building which they ought to subserve?

In the division of good things allotted to each nation in many myths, the advantages of form were certainly not given to the German. He does the raw thinking for the human race, which must be moulded by a more artistic type of mind, worked up into a shape readable by ordinary humanity; the synthetic power is wanting with

most Germans, whose books are often *mémoires pour servir*, storehouses which the rest of the world pillage mercilessly without acknowledgment. A German is so utterly careless of the outside which his thought has taken, that other nations, sorely needing the materials thus conscientiously collected, pick the brains of their books, instead of translating them, and pass on. There is little pleasure generally in the act of reading their prose works. Surely no people with a sense of the art of words would have adopted a mode of writing where sentences a page in length are ended by the verb.

In France the respect for the medium is overpowering. That a thing should be *bien dit*, is much more important than that it should be true or worth saying. That the male and the female rhymes should come in the right places seems more necessary in a great French poem than the stuff of which it is made; which must be almost fatal to any fire of inspiration.

It was said of an old Greek "that his thoughts were so clearly expressed through his words that the reader was unconscious of the words used." — they were completely transparent. With a German the meaning seems to be entangled in the words: "you cannot see the wood for the trees." With a Frenchman the words themselves are the principal object.

Bunsen's enormous power of work misled him in his undertakings. He was always collecting, and when his mind was full, it overflowed promiscuously into what he called a book, without apparently any idea of the necessity of co-ordinating his materials into a whole. Whatever he happened to be occupied with cropped up anyhow, anywhere. One winter he found that he required a knowledge of Chinese to carry out some philological inquiry. He set to work and learned it. Immediately an elaborate review of "Chinese particles" drifted into the "Philosophy of History."

There is no perspective in his books, and the tenses of the tongues of the South Sea islanders take up seventy pages of a history where Descartes and Spinoza are despatched in two.

But in England it was the man, and not the books, which seemed important and interesting. Even his opinions, heterodox as they often seemed, were not much regarded. "Allowances" were made for him; he had the "misfortune" to be a foreigner, and therefore was to be "pitied" more than condemned for those "aberrations" which were discovered in his writ-

ings by the few who could read them. Moreover, he was in a great position, and the English mind is truly sensible of the right of such to think as they please. A dean of family may be allowed a degree of latitude which in "the inferior clergy" must be punished by lawsuits and deprivation. For "that in the captain's but a choleric word, which in the soldier is flat blasphemy;" and an ambassador with a grand house, who gave delightful parties where princes of the blood and Royal Highnesses of all nations, big and little, were to be met with familiarly, was visited and received cordially by men and women, who, meeting the same opinions without the protection of a star, would have pronounced their possessor "not a Christian," and have declared with horror, "The book of Daniel a history, not a prophecy! Why, the man is an atheist." Bunsen was singularly tolerant, however, of the intolerant. His large-hearted charity took in all sides of opinion and shades of doctrine, and under its shadow all parties agreed to meet in peace. The extremes of High and Low Church, large-minded religious men, rationalists, fine ladies, men of science, Dissenters, brilliant men of letters, dingy professors, politicians, artists, philanthropists, dowdy old working-women, might all be seen collected in the great drawing-rooms of Carlton House Terrace. It was like the valley of Jehosaphat — there the small and great met together, — the oppressor and the oppressed, the man who had been deprived of his salary or his living for holding to what he believed to be the truth, and the conscientious bigot who had tried to ruin him for righteousness' sake; and each found that the other was not as bad as he expected.

The help of one such centre of communication to real liberality of intercourse was almost incalculable. There was something in the genial temper of the house, the simple, true-hearted belief in goodness, which went far to neutralize the acrimony which ignorance of each other often brings with it. London is splitting more and more into coteries; the distances are such that, for instance, the Regent's Park has little more to do with South Kensington than with Richmond. It is the place where the best of the nation, of every kind, are congregated for five months in every year, — where more of real interest on every topic under the sun is to be heard than anywhere else under the sun, yet it is strange how separate the political, scientific, and artistic streams keep from

one another; and the loss of a house where all might mingle and be at ease was indeed very great.

Bunsen's large volumes on "God in History," which it was the real object of his life to discover, may be but little read by the world, but the more difficult problem which he and his wife solved, of showing how to live in the world socially and politically, which they enjoyed so wisely and so well, and yet not to be of the world, should continue to be studied in their memoirs.

The last place where the real account of Madame de Bunsen's share in the important social influence of the house can be discovered is in her own estimate of it; but on her depended the inner wheels within wheels, which rendered the harmonious working of the great machine practicable. To a sympathy for all forms of excellence, in whatsoever coats and gowns of thought they were clothed, which loving intercourse with her husband had rendered as wide as his own, she added a common sense greater than his, and a knowledge of life and character often invaluable to him.

She was his true helpmate in all the passages of his life, the true partner of every thought and every feeling he possessed.

In whatsoever things were true, whatsoever things were lovely, honest, and of good report, she was one with him, to a degree which has hardly ever been surpassed; and the intelligent and appreciative record she has left of their life, with such tender reverence for his memory and such complete forgetfulness of self, will prove the most fitting memorial of her also which could possibly have been devised.

F. P. VERNEY.

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THOUGHTS ON CRITICISM, BY A CRITIC.

PERHAPS the most offensive type of human being in the present day is the young gentleman of brilliant abilities and high moral character who has just taken a good degree. It is his faith that the university is the centre of the universe, and it honors the most conclusive testimonials to genius. His seniors appear to him to be old fogies; his juniors mere children; and women, whatever his theories as to their possible elevation, fitted at present for no better task than the skilful flattery of youthful genius. He is at the true so-

cial apex. He is half-afraid, it may be, of men of the world and women of society; but his fear masks itself under a priggish self-satisfaction. A few years in a wider circle will knock the nonsense out of him, unless he is destined to ripen into one of those scholastic pedants now fortunately rarer than of old. But meanwhile it happens that a large part of the critical staff of the nation is formed by fresh recruits from this class of society. The young writer, with the bloom of his achievements still fresh, is prepared to sit in judgment with equal confidence upon the last new novel or theory of the universe. The aim of much university teaching is to produce that kind of readiness which tells in a competitive examination, and is equally applicable to the composition of a smart review. In the schools, a lad of twenty-two is ready with a neat summary of any branch of human knowledge. When he issues into the world, he is prepared to deal with the ripest thinkers of the day, as he dealt with the most eminent philosophers of old. In these hours he can give a history of philosophy from Plato to Hegel. Why waste more time upon Mill or Hamilton?

That much contemporary criticisms represent the views of such writers, will, I think, be admitted by most readers of periodical literature. It is a favorite belief of many sufferers under the critical lash, that it represents scarcely anything else. When an author has spent years, or even months, in elaborating an argument or accumulating knowledge, it is rather annoying to see himself tried and sentenced within a week from his appearance in the world. His critic, it seems, can merely have glanced over his pages, taken down a label at random from some appropriate pigeon-hole, and affixed it with a magisterial air of supercilious contempt. *Là voilà le chameau!* as Mr. Lewes' French philosopher remarks, when composing the natural history of the animal on the strength of half an hour in the Jardin des Plantes. The poor history or philosophy, the darling of its author's heart, so long patiently meditated, so delicately and carefully prepared, associated with so much labor, anxiety, and forethought, is put in its proper place as rapidly as Professor Owen could assign a ticket to a fossil tooth. It is not strange if the victim condemns his judge as an ignorant prig, and is tormented by an impotent longing for retaliation. But experience has probably taught him that to argue with a critic in his own columns is like drawing a

badger in its den. You may be the strongest outside, but within you have to rush upon a sharp cagework of defensive teeth with your own hands tied. Silence, with as much dignity as may be, is his only course.

All criticism, one may say, is annoying. A wise man should never read criticisms of his own work. It is invariably a painful process; for all blame is obviously unfair, and praise as certainly comes in the wrong place. Moreover, it is a bad habit to be always looking in a glass, and especially in a mirror apt to distort and magnify. If a man is conscious that he has done his best, he should let his work take its chance with such indifference as he can command. Its success will be in the long run what it deserves, or, which comes to much the same thing, will be determined by a tribunal from which there is no appeal. All that criticism does is slightly to retard or hasten the decision, but scarcely to influence it. Every attack is an advertisement, and few authors nowadays have any difficulty in finding the circle really congenial to them. That circle once reached, an author should be satisfied. It may gain him much pecuniary profit but little real influence or fame when he comes to be forced upon those who don't spontaneously care for him. Now, the true author should, of course, be as indifferent to money as to insincere praise, and he is pretty certain to get all that he can really claim, namely, a sufficient hearing. Therefore, authors should burn unread all reviews of themselves, and possess their souls in peace.

Nobody, of course, will take this advice; but at least one may hope that a sense of decency will prevent authors and their admirers from howling too noisily under the lash. Why should the heaven-born poet shriek and rant because his earthborn critic does not do him justice? A true poet is the apostle of a new creed. He reveals hitherto unnoticed aspects of truth or beauty; his originality measures at once his genius and his chance of being misunderstood. It is his special prerogative to give form and color to the latent thoughts and emotions of his time, and those whom he interprets to themselves will be grateful. But the utterance necessarily shocks all who cling from pedantry or from conservatism to the good old conventions. Their resistance is in proportion to the vigor of his attack, and he should hail their reproaches as compliments in disguise. Bacon or Locke had no right to be angry because the represen-

tatives of old scholasticism resented their attacks; nor Wordsworth nor Keats, because the admirers of Pope objected to the new forms of poetry. Wordsworth, with his sublime self-complacency, took hostile criticism as an unconscious confession of stupidity, and declared contemporary unpopularity to be a mark of true genius. The friends of Keats howled, and have been more or less howling ever since, because the old walls of convention did not fall down of themselves to welcome their assailants. Byron's contempt for the soul which let itself be snuffed out by an article is more to the purpose than Shelley's unmanly wailing over the supposed murder. The "Adonais" is an exquisite poem, but to read it with pleasure one must put the facts out of sight.

Our Adonais hath drunk poison, oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe!

Beautiful! but a rather overstrained statement of the fact that Keats had been cut up in the *Quarterly Review*. On the theory that poetry and manliness are incompatible, that a poet is and ought to be a fragile being, ready to

Die of a rose in aromatic pain,

the expressions may be justified. Otherwise Keats's death—if it had really been caused by the review—would certainly provoke nothing but pitying contempt. He that goes to war should count the cost; and one who will break the slumbers of mankind by new strains of poetic fervor must reckon upon the probability that many of the slumberers will resent the intrusion by a growl or an execration. Poets have a prescriptive right to be a thin-skinned race; but even they should not be guilty of the ineffable meanness of prostrating themselves before reviewers to receive sentence of life or death. What have these dwellers in the upper sphere to do with the hasty guesses of newspapers? What would a Shakspeare, or a Milton, or a Wordsworth, have said to such wailings? After all, what does it matter? Take it at the worst, and suppose yourself to be crushed for ever by a column of contemptuous language. Will the universe be much the worse for it? Can't we rub along tolerably without another volume or two of graceful rhymes? Is it anything but a preposterous vanity which generates the fancy that a rebuff to your ambition is an event in the world's history? If you are but a bubble, pray burst and hold your tongue. The great wheels of the world

will grind on, and your shrieks be lost in the more serious chorus of genuine suffering. Whilst millions are starving in soul and body, we can't afford to waste many tears because a poet's toes have been trampled in the crush.

Though criticism may have far less power than our fears and our vanities assign to it, it has its importance; and at a time when all literature is becoming more critical, it is worth while to consider some of the principles which should guide it. We should, if possible, spare needless pangs even to a childish vanity, and we should anxiously promote the growth of a critical spirit such as raises instead of depressing the standard of literary excellence. The historian and the man of science can count upon fairly intelligent and scholarlike critics. Even if they be a little arrogant and prejudiced, they have one great advantage. There is a definite code of accepted principles. A mistake is clearly a mistake; and if the critic and his victim disagree, they have a definite issue and a settled method for decision. The judge may give a wrong decision, but he is administering a recognized code. We can apply scales and balances, and measure the work done with something like arithmetical accuracy.

In æsthetic questions the case is different. There is no available or recognized standard of merit. The ultimate appeal seems to lie to individual taste. I like Wordsworth, you like Pope—which is right? Are both right, or neither, or is it merely a matter of individual taste, as insoluble as a dispute between a man who prefers burgundy and one who prefers claret? The question would be answered if there were ever a science of æsthetics. At present we have got no further towards that consummation than in some other so-called sciences; we have invented a sounding name and a number of technical phrases, and are hopelessly at a loss for any accepted principles. We can, therefore, talk the most delicious jargon with all the airs of profound philosophy, but we cannot convince any one who differs from us. The result is unfortunate, and oddly illustrates a popular confusion of ideas. There is surely no harm in a man's announcing his individual taste, if he expressly admits that he is not prescribing to the tastes of others. If I say that I dislike Shakspeare, I announce a fact, creditable or otherwise, of which I am the sole judge. So long as I am sincere, I am no more to be blamed than if I announced myself to be blind or deaf, or expressed

an aversion to champagne. But, in practice, nobody is allowed to announce his own taste without being suspected of making it into a universal rule. It is a curious experiment, for example, to say openly that you don't care for music. Many men of good moral character have shared the distaste, and it may mean no more than some trifling physical defect. A thickness in the drum of the ear is not disgraceful, but it makes you necessarily incapable of appreciating Beethoven. One who avows his incapacity is simply revealing the melancholy fact that he is shut out from one great source of innocent pleasure. But no arguments will convince an ordinary hearer that your confession does not carry with it a declaration of belief that delight in music is contemptible and possibly immoral. To disavow so illogical a conclusion is hopeless. Experience, we must presume, has made it into an axiom that a man always hates and despises and regards as a fit object for universal contempt and hatred, whatever he does not understand.

This is the first great stumbling-block in æsthetic criticism. Both readers and writers confound the enunciation of their own taste with the enunciation of universal and correct principles of taste. There is an instructive story in "Don Quixote" which is much to the purpose. Sancho Panza had two uncles who had unrivalled taste in wine. One of them asserted that a certain butt of wine had a twang of leather; another detected, with equal confidence, a slight flavor of iron. The assistants laughed; but the laugh was the other way when the butt was drunk out and an old key with a leather thong detected at the bottom. Which things are an allegory. The skilled critic detects a flavor of vulgarity, of foreign style, or of what not, in a new writer. The mob of readers protests or acquiesces. Possibly at some future time the truth is discovered. The critic's palate was vitiated by prejudice, or some biographical fact turns up which justifies his appreciation; or, though no overt fact can be adduced, the coincidence of opinion of other qualified judges or the verdict of posterity confirms or refutes the verdict. We must wait, however, till the butt is drunk out, till time or accident has revealed the truth, and the judge himself has undergone judgment. And meanwhile we have, in the last resort, nothing but an individual expression of opinion, to be valued according to our appreciation of the writer's skill.

We know further that the best of critics

is the one who makes fewest mistakes. We laugh at the familiar instances of our ancestors' blindness; but we ourselves are surely not infallible. We plume ourselves on detecting the errors of so many able men; but the very boast should make us modest. Will not the twentieth century laugh at the nineteenth? Will not our grandchildren send some of our modern idols to the dustheaps, and drag out works of genius from the neglect in which we undeservedly so left them? No man's fame, it is said, is secure till he has lived through a century. His children are awed by his reputation; his grandchildren are prejudiced by a reaction; only a third generation pronounces with tolerable impartiality on one so far removed from the daily conflict of opinion. In a century or so, we can see what a man has really done. We can measure the force of his blows. We can see, without reference to our personal likes or dislikes, how far he has moulded the thoughts of his race and become a source of spiritual power. That is a question of facts, as much as any historical question, and criticism which takes it properly into account may claim to be in some sense scientific. To anticipate the verdict of posterity is the great task of the true critic, which is accomplished by about one man in a generation.

The nature of the difficulty is obvious. The critic has to be a prophet without inspiration. The one fact given him is that he is affected in a particular way by a given work of art; the fact to be inferred is, that the work of art indicates such and such qualities in its author, and will produce such and such an effect upon the world. No definite mode of procedure is possible. It is a question of tact and instinctive appreciation; it is not to be settled by logic, but by what Dr. Newman calls the "illative sense;" the solution of the problem is to be felt out, not reasoned out, and the feeling is necessarily modified by the "personal equation," by that particular modification of the critic's own faculties, which causes him to see things in a light more or less peculiar to himself. He is disgusted by a certain poem; perhaps he dislikes the author, or the author's religious or political school; or he is out of humor, or tried by overwork, or unconsciously biased by a desire to point some pet moral of his own, or simply to find some excuse for a brilliant article. If he has succeeded in eliminating these disturbing influences, the problem is still intricate. Grant that the author disgusts me, and, further, that I can put my finger on the

precise cause of disgust, and discover it to be some tone of sentiment which, in my opinion, is immoral or morbid; how can I be sure, first, that I am right, and, next, that the disgust should be equally felt by my descendants? The greatest errors of judgment have been founded on perfectly correct appreciations. Burke was undeniably right in the opinion that Rousseau's sentiment was often morbid, immoral, and revolutionary. He was wrong in inferring that these blemishes deprived Rousseau's work of all permanent value, so that under the vanity and the disease there was not a deep vein of true and noble passion. Every great writer of the present day is regarded in a similar spirit by the section opposed to him in sentiment, and yet it may be held by the charitable that even the most deadly antagonism is consistent with real co-operation. When we read the great works of a past epoch with due absence of prejudice, we are always astonished by the degree in which those who struck most fiercely really shared the ideas of their opponents.

A critic, it has been inferred, should in all cases speak for himself alone. He is, or ought to be, an infallible judge of his own likes or dislikes; he cannot dictate to his neighbor. For this reason, it has been suggested, all anonymous criticism is bad. A man who calls himself "we" naturally takes airs which the singular "I" would avoid. Whatever the general principles upon this subject, I do not much believe in the remedy. Anonymous criticism may be less responsible, but it is more independent. Why should I not condemn a man's work without telling him that I personally hold him to be a fool? Why should literary differences be embittered by personal feeling? If every man knew his judge, would not the practical result be an increase of bitterness in some cases and adulation in others? The mask may at times conceal an assassin, but it discourages flattery and softens antipathy. I fancy that a man, unjust enough to let his personal feelings color his criticisms, generally likes to be known to his victim. Spite loses half its flavor when it is forced to be anonymous. Whatever the cause, the open critic differs from his anonymous rival by nothing but a trifling addition of pretentiousness, dogmatism, and severity. A writer is perhaps more modest the first time he has to give his name; but by the twentieth he has rubbed off that amiable weakness. Publicity hardens and generates conceit more decorously than privacy encourages laxity. The

most ferocious denunciation, and the most arrogant dogmatism, have, I think, been shown by men whose names were known to everybody, if not actually published.

The fact, however, remains, that after all a criticism is only an expression of individual feeling. The universal formula might be, — I, A. B., declare that you, C. D., are a weariness to me, or the reverse. The moral is, that a critic should speak of his author as one gentleman of another, or as a gentleman of a lady; the case being, of course, excepted when the author is palpably not a lady or gentleman, but a male or female blackguard. This maxim may be infringed by brutality or by dogmatism. The slashing reviewer seems to forget that he and his victim are both human beings, and bound by the ordinary decencies of life. The really pathetic case is, not when the heaven-born poet is misunderstood, but when some humble scribbler is scarified by the thoughtless critic. It is not a crime to be stupid, and to be forced to write for bread. Literature is a poor but a fairly honest profession. A widow with a family on her hands, a harmless governess, a clerk disabled by disease, has a pen, ink, and paper, can spell, and write grammar. With that slender provision, he or she tries to eke out a scanty living by some poor little novel. It is, of course, silly and commonplace. It is a third-rate imitation of an inferior author. It will go to the waste-paper heap, in any case, before the year is out, and the only wonder is that it has found a publisher. If the brilliant young prig could see the wretched author in the flesh, and realize the pangs of fear and suspense that have gone to the little venture, he would feel sheer pity, and his hand be attracted to his pockets. But when he sees only the book, and his pen is nearer than his purse, he proceeds to make fun of the miserable sufferer, and sprinkles two columns with sparkling epigrams with the sense of doing a virtuous action. Since the days of the "Dunciad," it has been clear that nothing is so cruel as a wit. Wits have invented the opposite maxim. Take it for a rule, says Pope, with some truth, —

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

But even a fool has his natural feelings as clearly as Shylock. When Macaulay jumped upon poor "Satan" Montgomery, and hacked and hewed and slashed him till he had not a whole bone in his body, he tried to prove that the example was demanded in the interests of literature. Surely,

Macaulay was deluding himself, and the interest really consulted was his own reputation for smartness. "Satan" (I speak of the poem so-called) would have been dead long ago if Macaulay had never written; and the art of puffery could surely not have been more vigorous.

Such weapons should be kept for immoral writings or for successful imposture. There they are fair enough; and there is not the least danger that, confined to that application, they will rust from disuse. Stupidity enthroned in high places justifies the keenest ridicule. Stupidity on its knees scarcely requires the lash. Some amiable persons seem, indeed, to hold that the lash can never be required. They believe in sympathetic criticism. They would praise the good and leave the bad to decay of itself. The doctrine, however taking, is not more moral, and perhaps is more deleterious than the opposite. No man, says the excellent maxim, has ever been written down except by himself. Hostile criticism gives pain, but does not inflict vital wounds. Many writers, on the other hand, have been spoilt by indiscriminate praise. The temptation to become an imitator of oneself, is the most insidious of all to which an author is exposed. When a man has discovered his true power he should use it, but he should not use it to repeat his old feats in cold blood. The distinction is not always easy to urge, but it is of vital importance. The works of the greatest writers, of the Shakespeares and Goethes, show a process of continuous development. The later display the same faculties as the earlier, but ripened and differently applied. The works of second-rate authors are often like a series of echoes. Each is a feeble repetition of the original which won the reputation. The flattery, now too common, makes this malady commoner than of old. A good writer, like a king, can do no wrong. Wonderful! admirable! faultless! is the cry; give us more of the same, and make it as much the same as possible. Is it wonderful that the poor man's head is turned, and his hold upon the ablest judges weakens whilst his circulation increases?

The mischief is intensified when a couple of sympathetic critics get together. They become the nucleus of a clique, and develop into a mutual admiration society. They form a literary sect, with its pet idols and its sacred canons of taste. They are the first persons to whom art has revealed its true secrets. Other cliques have flourished, and laid down laws, and

passed away; theirs will be eternal. The outside world may sneer, the members of the clique will only draw closer the curtain which excludes the profane vulgar from their meetings. As a rule, such a body contains one or two men of genuine ability, and has some ground for its self-praise, though not so unassailable a ground as it fancies. But genius condemned to live in such a vapor-bath of perpetually steaming incense, becomes soft of fibre and loses its productive power. It owes more than it would admit to the great world outside, which ridicules its pretensions and is perhaps blind even to its genuine merits. Addison was not the better for giving laws to a little senate; but Addison fortunately mixed in wider circles, and was not always exposed to the adulation of Tickell and "namby-pamby" Phillips. Every man should try to form a circle of friends, lest he should be bewildered and isolated in the confused rush of a multitudinous society; but the circle should, so to speak, be constantly aerated by outside elements, or it will generate a mental valetudinarianism. The critic, who can speak the truth and speak out, is therefore of infinite service in keeping the atmosphere healthy.

A critic, then, should speak without fear or favor, so long as he can speak with the courtesy of a gentleman. He should give his opinion for what it is worth, neither more nor less. As the opinion of an individual, it should not be dogmatic; but as the opinion of a presumably cultivated individual, it should give at least a strong presumption as to that definitive verdict which can only be passed by posterity. The first difficulty which he will meet is to know what his opinion really is. No one who has not frankly questioned himself can appreciate the difficulty of performing this apparently simple feat. Every man who has read much has obscured his mind with whole masses of unconscious prejudice. An accomplished critic will declare a book to be fascinating of which he cannot read a page without a yawn, or a sheet without slumber. He will denounce as trashy and foolish a book which rivets his attention for hours. This is the one great advantage of the mob above the connoisseur. The vulgar have bad taste, but it is a sincere taste. They can't be persuaded to read except by real liking; and in some rare cases, where good qualities are accidentally offensive to the prevailing school of criticism, the cultivated reader will reject what is really excellent. The first point, therefore, is to

have the rare courage of admitting your own feelings.

In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share,

as Pope says; and chiefly for this reason. In all our array of critics, there are scarcely half a dozen whose opinions are really valuable, and simply because there are scarcely so many whose opinions are their own. In ninety-nines cases out of a hundred, a so-called critique is a second-hand repetition of what the critic takes for the orthodox view. Whenever we see the expression of genuine feeling, we recognize a valuable contribution to our knowledge. That, for example, is the secret of the singular excellence of Lamb's too scanty fragments of criticism. He only spoke of what he really loved, and therefore almost every sentence he wrote is worth a volume of conventional discussion. He blundered at times; but his worst blunders are worth more than other men's second-hand judgments. Spontaneity is as valuable in the parasitic variety of literature as in the body of literature itself, and even more rare. Could we once distinguish between our own tastes and the taste which we adopt at second hand, we should have at least materials for sound judgment.

This vivacity and originality of feeling is the first qualification of a critic. Without it no man's judgment is worth having. Almost any judgment really springing from it has a certain value. But the bare fact that an aversion or a liking exists requires interpretation. To find the law by which the antipathy is regulated is to discover the qualities of the antagonistic elements. A good critic can hardly express his feelings without implicitly laying down a principle. When (to take a case at random) Lamb says of certain scenes in Middleton, that the "insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down, would not admit of such admirable passions," as fill the passages in question, he preaches a doctrine, sound or unsound, of great importance. He says, that is, that certain rules of modern decorum are æsthetically injurious and ethically erroneous. The particular rules infringed are to be discovered from the special instance, and the fact that a man with Lamb's idiosyncrasies denounced them must be taken into account when we would apply them as canons of judgment. The judgments of good critics upon a number of such problems thus form a body of doctrine analogous to what is known to

jurists as case-law. The rule for our guidance is not explicitly stated, but it is to be inferred from a number of particular instances, by carefully estimating their resemblance to this fresh instance and assigning due weight to the authority of the various judges.

As competent literary judges are rare, and their decisions conflicting, the task of extricating the general rule is difficult or rather impossible. No general rules perhaps can be laid down with absolute confidence. But the analogy may suggest the mode in which we may hope gradually to approximate to general rules, and to find grounds for reasonable certainty in special cases. Though no single critic is infallible, we may assume that the *vox populi* is infallible if strictly confined to its proper sphere. When many generations have been influenced by an individual, we have demonstrative evidence that he must have been a man of extraordinary power. It is an indisputable fact that Homer and Æschylus delighted all intelligent readers for over two thousand years. To explain that fact by any other theory than the theory that the authors possessed extraordinary genius is impossible. A man, therefore, who flies in the face of the verdict of generations is self-condemned. The probability that his blindness indicates a defect in his eyesight is incomparably greater than the probability that all other eyes have been somehow under an illusion. The argument applies to less colossal reputations. Not only a critic of the last century who could see nothing in Dante, but a critic in the present who thinks Pope a mere fool, or Voltaire a mere buffoon, puts himself out of court. Let him by all means confess his want of perception if it be necessary; but do not let him go on to criticise men in regard to whom he suffers from a kind of color-blindness. My palate refuses to distinguish between claret and burgundy, but I never set myself up for a judge of wine.

It may be added that the power of swaying the imaginations of many generations indicates more than mere force. It is a safe indication of some true merit. No religion thrives which does not embody — along with whatever errors — the deepest and most permanent emotions of mankind. No art retains its interest for posterity which does not give permanent expression to something more than the temporary tastes, and, moreover, to something more than the vicious and morbid propensities of mankind. To justify this maxim would lead us too far; but I venture to assume

that it could be justified by a sufficient induction. All great writers have their weaknesses; but their true power rests upon their utterance of the ennobling and health-giving emotions.

This doctrine is accepted even too unreservedly by most critics of the past. A slavish care for established reputation is more common than a rash defiance. The way, for example, in which Shakespeare's faults have been idolized along with his surpassing merits is simply a disgrace to literature. Were I writing for students of old authors, I would exhort them rather to attend to the limitations of the doctrine than to the doctrine itself. We are too apt to confound the qualities by which a man has succeeded with those in spite of which he has succeeded. The application of the doctrine to the living is, however, a more pressing problem. Our aim, I have said, is to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and we cannot anticipate infallibly. We cannot even lay down absolute rules of a scientific character. All that we can do is to proceed in a scientific spirit, which may therefore be favorable to the discovery of such rules in future. If doomed to continual blunders, our blunders may form landmarks for the future, and not be simple exhibitions of profitless folly and prejudice.

The critic who gives a matured expression of his tastes lays down a principle. He should proceed to apply an obvious test. Will his principle fit in with the accepted verdict as to the great men of the past? A simple attention to this rule would dissipate a vast amount of foolish criticism. There has been, for example, a great outcry against a vice known as sensationalism. In one sense, the outcry justifies itself. People have been shocked by overdoses of horror and crime; and the art which has shocked them must be in some sense bad. But when critics proceed to lay down canons which would suppress all literature more exciting than Miss Austen's novels, they are surely forgetting one or two obvious facts. Canons are calmly propounded which would condemn all Greek tragedy, which would condemn Dante, and Milton, and Shakespeare, and the whole school of early English dramatists, and some of Scott's finest novels, to say nothing of Byron, or of Balzac, or Victor Hugo. The simple fact that a poem or a novel deals with crime and suffering cannot be enough to condemn it, or we should be doomed to a diet of bread and butter for all future time. The true question is as to the right mode of dealing

with such subjects, and the critic who would condemn all dealing with them is really betraying his cause. He is trying to force an impracticable code upon mankind, and is allowing the true culprits to associate their cause with better men. Moreover, he is talking nonsense.

To keep steadily in mind the verdict of the past, not to break a painted window in anxiety to smash the insect which is crawling over it, is thus the great safeguard of a critic. A more difficult problem is the degree of respect due to modern opinion. The widest popularity may certainly be gained by absolute demerits. We need not give examples of modern charlatans, whose fame has not yet gone to its own place. There are plenty of older examples. The false wit of Cowley and the strained epigrams of Young, the pompous sentimentalism of Hervey, the tinsel of Tom Moore, all won a share of popularity in their own day, which rivalled or eclipsed the fame of Milton and Pope, and Addison and Wordsworth. In two of these cases the fame was partly due to religious associations which superseded a purely literary judgment. On the other hand, there is a measure of fame which seems sufficiently to anticipate the verdict of posterity. There is perhaps more than one living writer of whom it may be confidently asserted that his influence over the most thoughtful of his contemporaries has been won by such palpable services to truth and lofty sentiment, and has been so independent of the aid of adventitious circumstances, that his fame is as secure, though not as accurately measured, as it will be a century hence. To treat such men with insolence is as monstrous as to insult their predecessors. The burden of proof at least is upon the assailant, and he is bound to explain not merely the cause of his antipathy, but to explain the phenomenon which, on his showing, ought not to exist. A summary *tant pis pour les faits* will not bring him off, tempting as the method may be. When a spiritual movement has acquired a certain impetus and volume, its leader must be a great man. To admit that a mere charlatan can move the world, is to hold with the housemaid that a plate breaks of itself, or, with the Tories in Queen Anne's time, that Marlborough won his battles by sheer cowardice.

How to distinguish between the true and the sham influence is indeed a question not strictly soluble. It is enough to suggest that any man of true force has a sure instinct for recognizing force elsewhere. The blindness of patriotic or

party rage may sometimes encourage a Frenchman to lugh at Moltke's strategy, or an English politician of one party to call the Pitt or Fox of his opponents an idiot. No man, swayed by such passions, can criticise to any purpose; and the best safeguard against the resulting errors is a constant application of the doctrine that every spiritual impulse requires an adequate moral explanation as well as a physical. Some people are fond of ascribing the success of their antagonists to chance or to diabolic influence. They would be wise if they would remember that either phrase, when analysed, is equivalent to a simple confession of ignorance. It means that the source of the evil is in some sphere entirely outside our means of investigation. It is to abandon the problem, whilst masking our ignorance under an abusive epithet. Opponents may be justified if they take language of this kind as a panegyric in disguise.

There is, it is true, a weak side in the appeals often made to critical candor. Politicians sometimes denounce the bigotry of Liberals. The men who pride themselves upon their tolerance are often, it is said, the most dogmatic. But such denunciations, if often just, are apt to confound two very different things. Liberality imposes the duty of giving fair play to our opponents in action as in logic, but it does not command us to have no opinions at all. It is most desirable that every principle should be fully and fairly discussed, but it is certainly not desirable that no principles should ever be definitively established. The pure indifferentist naturally hates faith of all kinds, and tries to impute intolerance to any believer who carries faith into practice. There is, in short, a road to toleration which leads through pure scepticism; if every doctrine is equally true and equally false, there is no reason for ever being in a passion. That is not a desirable solution of the problem. It is very difficult to hold my own opinions and to respect all sincere dissentients — to believe that my doctrines are true and important, and yet to refuse to advance them by unworthy methods. But the only true Liberal is the man who can accomplish that feat, and the tolerance made out of pure incredulity is a mere mockery of the genuine virtue.

The fact that candid people dispute conclusions which seem to me evident is not always a reason for admitting even a scruple of doubt. There are cases in which it may even confirm them. A truth is fully established when it not only ex-

plains certain phenomena, but explains the source of erroneous conceptions of the phenomena. The true theory of astronomy shows why false theories were inevitably plausible at certain periods. No doctrine can be quite satisfactory till it helps us to see why other people do not see it. When that is clearly intelligible, the very errors confirm the true theory. In matters of taste there is a similar canon. There are undoubtedly bad tastes as well as good. There are tastes, that is, which imply stupidity, or craving for coarse excitement, or incapacity for distinguishing between rant and true rhetoric, between empty pomp of language and genuine richness and force of imagination. There are tastes which imply a thoroughly corrupt nature, and others which imply vulgarity and coarseness. To admit that all tastes are equally good is to fall into an æsthetic scepticism as erroneous as the philosophical scepticism which should make morality or political principles matters of arbitrary convention. A critic who is tolerant in the sense of admitting this indifference abnegates his true function; for the one great service which a critic can render is to keep vice, vulgarity, or stupidity at bay. He cannot supply genius; but he can preserve the prestige of genius by revealing to duller minds the difference between good work and its imitation.

The sense in which a critic should be liberal is marked out by this consideration. The existence of any artistic school, however much he dislikes its tendency, is a phenomenon to be explained and not to be denounced until it is explained. If it has a wide popularity, or includes many able men, there is a strong presumption that it corresponds in some way to a real want of the time. It embodies a wide-spread, and presumably, therefore, not a purely objectionable emotional impulse. It proves, at the lowest, that rival forms of expression do not satisfy the wants of contemporaries, and are so far defective. Even if it be, in the critic's eye, a purely reactionary movement, the existence of a reaction proves that something is wanting in that against which it reacts. Some element of feeling is inadequately represented, and therefore the objectionable movement indicates a want, if it does not suggest the true remedy. It may be that, in some cases, the critic will be forced to say that, after taking such considerations into account, he can yet see nothing more in his antagonist than the embodiment of a purely morbid tendency. They represent a disease in the social order which

requires caustic and the knife. When a man has deliberately formed such an opinion, he should express it frankly though as temperately as may be; but it will probably be admitted that such cases are very rare, and that a man who has the power of seeing through his neighbors' eyes will generally discover that they catch at least a distorted aspect of some truths not so clearly revealed to their opponents.

But keeping such rules in mind, the critic will certainly not become infallible. He will not discover any simple mechanical test for the accurate measurement of literary genius. Nor will he or a whole generation of critics succeed in making an exact science out of an art which must always depend upon natural delicacy of perception. But he will be working in the right direction, and undergoing a wholesome discipline. If he does not discover any rigidly correct formula, he will be helping towards the establishment of sound methods; and though he will not store his mind with authoritative dogmas, he will encourage the right temper for approaching a most delicate task. In many cases, indeed, the task is easy enough. It would be affectation to deny that there are a good many books which may be summarily classified as rubbish, without much risk of real injustice, though sentence need not be passed in harsh language. But to judge of any serious work requires, besides the natural faculty, possessed by very few, an amount of habitual labor to look from strange points of view which is almost equally rare. There are many poems, for example, which can hardly be criticised to effect till the critic knows them by heart, and a man cannot be expected to do that who has to pronounce judgment within a week. In that case, all that can be recommended is a certain modesty in expression and diffidence in forming opinions which is not universal amongst our authoritative critics.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

PAGES FROM THE STORY OF MY CHILDHOOD.

I CAN fancy a supercilious reader looking scornfully at this title and sternly putting to me the very proper question — "And pray, who are you that *your* childhood should be of importance to any one? Tell us your name, that we may see whether it will be worth our while to read

you. Are you the Earl of Beaconsfield, about to let the world see what manner of sports and studies best fit a child to grow up into the successful novelist, politician, and premier? Or (for we see a few verses on some of your later pages) are you the poet-laureate, willing to disclose to a circle of breathless admirers how the genius (born, as we all know, not made) first becomes conscious of itself? We have heard that the child is father to the man; if you will tell us what manner of man you now are, we shall know whether it is worth our while to make the acquaintance of the young author of your present existence." Alas! I have no satisfactory answer to give to any such haughty questioner. I am not the late leader of the House of Commons; far from that, I have not even a seat in Parliament, and see no great chance at present of obtaining one. And I am certainly not Tennyson: should I (as I partly intend) indulge a sympathizing circle with extracts from my early poems, no further disclaimer of all relation to the author of "In Memoriam" and the "Idylls" could possibly be required from me. In fact, I am nobody whose name can bespeak attention — a person of whom you, my discouraging and unwilling listener, never heard before. I claim a hearing from you on a lower but a wider ground than that of having climbed up any of the dizzy eminences of fame — the ground of being what you yourself probably are, and therefore having more in common with you than more celebrated personages can have, — an undistinguished individual. In your case as in mine (if I may say so without offence), the "child" has not proved the "father" of a great man. Let me hope for you — what is more than I can say for myself — that he has done better than that, and been the father of a man able and willing to take the poet's advice, —

Be good, my friend, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
So making life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.

Such is the man whom I would invite to be my only, because he alone would be my compassionate, listener, were I about (following Keble's mournful expansion of Wordsworth's idea into

The man seems following still the funeral of
the boy)

to take my stand in mourning robes beside
the grave of my childhood, and to pro-

nounce a solemn funeral oration over that strange little being which once was myself. Did I mean to unveil infantine remorse and anguish as real and as keen as any of the sorrows of maturer years, to revel once more in imagination amid the flowers of vanished springs, to shudder again in thought as the chill touch of death thrilled me for the first time, one such hearer as I am venturing to imagine you to be would be enough, perhaps at last too much. But I am engaged in no such task to-day, and all the world may listen while I describe some of my own early literary efforts.

It is usual nowadays, when inditing the life of any great writer, to indulge in a good deal of collateral delineation of persons who may be presumed to have influenced the formation of his character. You have no sooner set out on the smooth turnpike road of the great A.'s history, than his biographer asks you to turn up one rutty lane in search of a great aunt of remarkable disposition whom he may have seen when a very small boy, and then up another to look for a second cousin twice removed who displayed some sparks of genius. You come back tired and out of humor from these excursions, and are allowed to pursue a straight course for a few pages; when lo! after accompanying A. through the meales to school (where he did nothing remarkable) along several more pages, you at last arrive at his college life, to find yourself on a wide common, across which you are instructed to follow various winding tracks that you may have a look at a good many people who were, or ought to have been, his friends there — from each of whom he may have learned something, without which he would not have finally proved the man, in hopes of finding whom at last, you dutifully plod along many another weary chapter. This method of composition seems to me irritating, and a needless waste of time, in the biography of a genius.

But I shall fearlessly follow it in my own case — at least once or twice — because I am not engaged in depicting an important life. My main road is far from being a fine one; and so to loiter a while in any shady lane that may branch from it may be no loss of time.

I shall therefore expect to be thanked and not blamed for introducing my friends at once to the two most remarkable persons who adorned the village near which my early years were spent — a village, or rather hamlet, defended in the olden time by a stout fortress, built to ward off the incursions of our Scottish neighbors,

which still rises in grey dignity above the little stream which hastens down the valley below it to meet, a mile further on, the clear bright waters which flow from one of the fairest lakes in England. Opposite to the castle stands the ancient church, on the site of a yet older monastery, mentioned by the Venerable Bede. In that church is the stone effigy of a baron who in days of yore girded on his good sword to fight for the Holy Sepulchre, and haply left some fair lady pining for his return in the strong tower, which might keep out the Scot, but could not shut out many a troubled dream and anxious thought of her absent lord; and which perhaps admitted pilgrims, so-called, telling audacious travellers' tales to wrap her in false security, or disquiet her with alarming reports, which no special correspondents, no electric telegraph, were at hand to refute.

Now, when I was a child, the children who, in that old church, gazed on me and the other favored occupants of the squire's pew on Sundays from their humbler benches, were taught on week-days by a very remarkable pedagogue indeed. Mr. Graham (so let me call him) would have had but little chance in these days of school-boards. He got too eccentric at last for even the tolerant village trustees, lost his post, and ended his days in the workhouse. But he reigned undisputed through all the days of my youth. His pale ascetic face, surmounting the same long threadbare cloak in summer as in winter, was never absent at morning or afternoon service from his nook in church, whence, on occasional absences of the parish clerk, his sepulchral "Amens" were heard sounding. The same curiously-contrived screen fenced him in from draughts at all seasons in the chimney-corner of the house where he lodged; adding the further security against cold of always wearing his hat indoors — I presume, for he was a very polite man, by special permission of his hostess. He was the meekest and humblest of men (sincerely religious, I fully believe); but if he had a lingering spark of pride, that spark rose up into a little flame at the contemplation of his own merits as a letter-writer. And those merits were great. I cannot say that perspicuity was one of them; but in that deficiency Mr. Graham only showed a certain kindred to the genius of some great divines and poets of our day. But in his own line of hazy, indefinite grandeur he succeeded well.

What, for instance, could be more novel and ingenious than his addressing two

ladies of my own family — ladies, too, such as ladies were forty years ago, reserved, dignified, and anxious to keep the inferior classes of society in their proper places — by the playful *sobriquets* of "Miss Monday" and "Miss Tuesday," and opening a letter to one of them with these words, "A conference in the Milky Way"? I am sorry to say that, much as they may have appreciated the latent poetry by which they were accosted, they felt that the best interests of society forbade it to gush freely forth, and requested its suppression. Mr. Graham proved equal to the occasion. He wrote a pathetic epistle to the person who had remonstrated with him (the sister-in-law of the two aggrieved ladies); and from the folds of that letter (artistically doubled, as letters were before the penny-post) fell a small pen — a dirty little stump, its recipient used to say, yet surely a pen with a history. "With this pen," said the letter, "I have beguiled many a sad and lonely hour. I part with it regretfully; but since it has traced lines that have offended, I give it into *your* custody, that I may be no more tempted to displease you by my use of it." I think, however, that other pens came to hand; it would have been strange had they not to a schoolmaster. At all events, at the close of Mr. Graham's scholastic career, my friend Mrs. Campbell — who had newly come to live near the village, in a house purchased from her younger sister's husband, Mr. Lewellyn — received an oblique shot from one of them, worthy of its holder's previous reputation among us. Captain and Mrs. Campbell had subscribed most kindly towards a little fund raised for the retiring schoolmaster. They scarcely observed that when he passed them in the village afterwards he took no opportunity of thanking them for their kindness; for they knew him to be shy and odd, and they ever desired rather the pleasure of doing good than the thanks of the receiver of their bounty. But great was their amusement when the absent Mrs. Lewellyn forwarded to them a letter sent to herself, then in the south of France, by Mr. Graham, which concluded with the following sentence: "It has been suggested to me by several persons that I should offer my thanks to Captain and Mrs. Campbell for their present to me; but if they are to be thanked *at all*, it can only be done through *you*, whom I have constituted the head of the family." Surely as roundabout a conveyance of gratitude as any one ever thought of!

Poor Mr. Graham! his Scriptural knowl-

edge got him at least into one more serious scrape than his fine epistolary talents, through not considering the difference between things recorded for our example, and things recorded for our information. His scholars had all denied knowledge of some piece of mischief, evidently perpetrated by one of them. So the master informed them that he should detect the culprit by a method pointed out to him in the Bible; and after praying for a perfect lot, made the boys draw lots, and proceeded to whip the unlucky youth on whom the lot fell. I much fear the boy was innocent of that particular offence; but, remembering Hamlet, let us hope that he got, after all, no more than his due. Still, parents unversed in Shakespeare took offence, as might be expected, and Mr. Graham lost one promising pupil on the spot, along with *prestige* which he was never afterwards able to regain.

Were I engaged on the memoir of a renowned author, I should be obliged to stop here, and show the influence of this eccentric form in the group which surrounded his childhood on the moulding of his after-life; nay, to examine gravely which of the portraits in his humorous and witty novels bears the greatest resemblance to poor Mr. Graham. But being quite otherwise engaged, I feel perfectly at liberty to leave the lane we are walking in by the nearest stile, and cross the adjoining field, for the purpose of introducing my friends to our next village celebrity, Miss Benson, the worthy Sunday-school teacher of my younger days. She was a woman with the gift of utterance, which she exercised remarkably fast, and with a taste for natural history, which I know we children thought she indulged rather cruelly on the butterflies she secured as specimens, and on the bat, of which, having somehow got it into her power, she said, "I gave it one meal, and then I starved it to death." Unmerciful mercy, so we thought; but children are very severe. In like manner I fear we showed a carping spirit when we heard how Miss Benson diversified her Sunday-school treat with little sacred dramas: how she enacted Joseph and his brethren with her scholars—arrayed herself as Joseph in a Lammermuir plaid scarf, and holding a shepherd's crook; and how she cleverly represented the finding of Moses, with the help of a child and a basket, in the nearly dry moat of the old castle, sweeping down, I presume, herself majestically to the rescue in the character of Pharaoh's daughter. But the trait in my own dealings with Miss

Benson, which I disclose with the liveliest fear of misconstruction, is the diversion which her poetry afforded me; knowing how readily it may be set down to the jealousy of a rival verse-writer. Is it wise of me, even at this vast distance of time, to reveal that when Miss Benson's versified address to the curate of the parish on his departure was confided to us by his reverence, we all followed the example of that ungrateful young man by laughing at it more than a little? My only defence is to quote, not all—for some I have forgotten, and some of the lines I do remember deal with very sacred matter—but at least the opening and the close of that remarkable effusion:—

1.

Reverend sir, adieu! adieu!
You soon from us must part;
But of your flock there's not a few
That *prays* for you at heart.

2.

O may their prayers bring down a blessing
On your *devoted* head;
And may your labor prove a blessing
To all that it *has* (*sic*) heard.

4.

Once I went into your church
In sorrow, anguish, pain, and grief;
My heart was almost *fit to burst*,—
You brought the word that gave relief.

8.

O may your crown like diamonds glitter
As eyes can scarce behold;
For as the stars in glory differ,
So saints *docs*, we are told.

"I could not have written those lines, nor you either," was the sly commentary of a learned friend to whom I once repeated them. I think he was especially struck by the, to a classical scholar, alarming use of the epithet "devoted" in verse 2. Probably, too, the notion of labor rendered audible in the succeeding lines was strange to him; not to speak of the fair writer's rather bold disregard of the ordinary rules of grammar, with the result of leaving the reader uncertain whether the preacher's "labor" was listened to or itself a listener.

Miss Benson did not marry the curate, for whose sake she thus outsoared, not "the flaming bounds of space and time," but the prosaic limits of sense and of Lindley Murray. But I am happy to add that she died the wife of another clergyman, who I hope admired her poetry, and to

whom I feel sure she made an excellent and "devoted" helpmate.

Nor was it only the case that the friends of my childhood were not quite of the ordinary pattern. I can prove a better right still to be eccentric (had I only possessed the necessary genius) by hereditary descent. My great-great-grandfather (if the tales current about him in my youth were true) must have been very unlike what men are now. When I looked at his placid countenance, beaming out of a well-powdered wig, above his sky-blue coat, among the family portraits, I could hardly believe that he was the stern old man who boxed his nephew's ears in church before the wondering congregation; provoked to this assault by his indignation at seeing the youth lolling negligently in an easy attitude against the pew-door, which burst open with his weight and precipitated him into the passage below. After all, though, I believe my instincts were right, and that it was the old man's son, my great-great uncle, who really laid himself thus open to a serious charge of "brawling in church," had the vicar and churchwardens not revered the squire too much to suppose he could figure in an ecclesiastical court. In like manner, the rustics of those days saw no cause of wonder if, when a case of wife-beating or similar misdemeanor was brought before the squire, he calmly turned to his attendant with the words, "Bring me Condign," the stick with which he was in the habit of administering condign punishment, and proceeded to serve the offender as he had served his victim. I may remark parenthetically, that the beautiful white hands of the handsome fop in a green morning-suit laced with gold, and in smart cocked-hat, among our family pictures, seem scarcely suited to this patriarchal exercise of justice traditionally ascribed to him; in which, I presume, he felt himself emulous of his contemporary Frederick the Great of Prussia, whose works are understood to have been his favorite reading. Nowadays, I fear the worthy man would have changed places with the object of his righteous displeasure, and been himself summoned for an assault; but in those simpler times, the saving of time, trouble, and public disgrace was appreciated, and all parties liked the plan.

But to return to my eccentric forefather, whose prowess in the hunting-field is commemorated in song and legend in the Lake district, where the boatmen still show the tourist the steep hillside down which, on one occasion, he successfully piloted a

favorite hunter—a track on which I believe no horse's hoof has tried to make a print either before or since; and concerning whom it is, or was, said or sung that, at a dangerous leap,—

Up came Squire Edward, who cared not a pin;
He rode over the ditch while they all tumbled
in,—

lines which have to my ear, perhaps from early prejudice, a fine Homeric flavor in their reckless disregard for the credit of the rank and file as compared with that of the Achilles of the tale. The narrator sets out, if I remember right, by saying that he himself mounted his horse, Black Sloven,

On Candlemas day, when bright Phœbus
shone clear,
When I had not been hunting for more than a
year;

and, doubtless owing to the qualities implied in his steed's name, followed at a sufficiently respectful distance to witness, without sharing, the squire's prowess and the discomfiture of the field in general. Now seven miles from the squire's home lived a baronet with many daughters, with one of whom—the fair Julia—the young man fell in love. Charming in all respects, she charmed her lover, if possible, most of all by her exquisite foot and ankle. Received by her parents as an accepted suitor, the squire rode one afternoon, (probably with others) beside the baronet's family coach, on the pleasing but anxious duty of escorting the ladies to dinner at a distant friend's house. We may imagine the lover's hand often on the coach-window, receiving playful taps from a fan, or possibly an ill-spelt *billet doux*;—for the progress was slow over the ill-made, or rather unmade, country roads—would that I could add, but it was sure! It was exactly the reverse; for at some unexpected stumbling-block the coach upset; literally turned upside down, and made the extrication of the ladies within a very difficult matter. The squire dismounted in all haste and flew to the rescue, but unfortunately with him love to one lady meant total indifference, and something more, to the claims of all others. The French politeness of the next generation was in him wholly wanting; and in his anxiety to deliver his beloved from the danger of being crushed by the weight of her mother and sisters, he was, I fear, decidedly rude to those ladies. He caught hold of a foot which came first to hand,—feet were the only signs of individual personality vouchsafed to him,—and, finding it less shapely

than the adored one, roughly pushed it aside, exclaiming, "That's not *my* Julia's foot!" and proceeded with his search. The narrators of this story were wont to say that the desired foot lay lowest down, and was not found till at least one foot of every other lady there had been scanned and rejected. Now, mark the consequences of a young lover's imprudence. So at least I judge. For though I was always told that some time afterwards Julia did something naughty which justly displeased her lady-mother, yet I cannot think the sentence on the interesting delinquent would have been so severe as it was, had not the maternal severity been quickened by the *spreta injuria formæ*. The sentence was this: either to be whipped and then allowed to attend the county ball which took place that same evening, or not to be whipped but not to go to the ball. We all know what the late Sir G. C. Lewis would have chosen, had such an alternative been proposed to him, and how serenely he would have smiled at the chance of escaping two penances at once; but with the fair Julia it was otherwise. She had looked forward to dancing a minuet with her betrothed that evening with intense pleasure; she knew how his vigilant eye would, among the mazes of the "many-twinkling feet," follow hers, and hers only, with ever-kindling admiration; and the prospect nerved her to heroism. She chose the whipping and the ball. Attending it that night she poured her sorrows into the ears of her affianced husband, who flamed with wrath (little suspecting, I daresay, how much his own indiscretion had to do with her sufferings), and vowed that she should never endure the like again. "I will marry you to-morrow," he said. And so he did. My great-great-grandmother being, let us hope, thus a unique example of a young woman who was whipped one day and married the next. When I looked at her prim, decorous face on the wainscoted wall, and her handsome dark-eyed mother (she was of French extraction) smiling at her from the panel opposite, I found it difficult to paint the whipping-scene to my mind's eye. I find it still harder to believe now.

I cannot tell how the truth may be,
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

The fair Julia's handwriting is still extant. I have already hinted that she spelled badly, but that was a common complaint in her day: spelling-bees not having begun to buzz in either school or drawing-room till full a century and a half

later. The most noticeable record of her married life (her diary unfortunately not including her girlhood) was her flight with her children to a farmhouse from the young Pretender's army; who passed very near my birthplace on his ill-fated march to Derby. She ought to have bidden her husband keep true to the old Cavalier traditions of his own family, and emulate the prowess of her own forefathers in defence of King Charles the First; but I am ashamed to say that he was Hanoverian to the backbone, and gave bonnie Prince Charlie neither help nor even good wishes. So, instead of recording romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes, my great-great-grandmother's journal only tells of very prosaic improvements effected at her temporary refuge.

As I began this discursive narrative with some intention of introducing my friends to my own earliest poetic efforts, I feel regretfully, as I look back upon it, how unpoetic a character it has so far assumed. Is it my fault? Am I to blame if the venerable pair from whom (in Homeric phrase) I have been boasting my descent had in their youth such quizzical adventures, and preferred safety to romance in their maturer years? Can I help it if the humble friends of my childhood were rather grotesque than dignified? Still I ought to state the other side. I was born in a country not ill-peopled with ghosts; and ghosts, as we all know, from the wraith of Patroclus downwards, make themselves very useful to the poet. But here again I have been unlucky. It was my mother's maid, not I, who heard the silks of a spectral lady rustling behind her late at night in the long gallery at home, and who had not courage to turn round and behold the ghastly visage which probably surmounted them. Once, too, an old shepherd came in from the mountain-valleys to narrate how on a midwinter night, as he drove sheep past a lonely farm, an old and sagacious dog howled and showed evident signs of terror, creeping trembling back with its younger comrade to his feet, before his master's duller eye discerned, as it soon did with awe, a white woman with a child in her arms, doomed, as she told him, for her guilt to wander restlessly along the wilds, and suffered one night every year to appear and tell her story. But unluckily then I was too small a child to be allowed to listen to his thrilling narration, which surprised my father very much, for the man was sober and had no motive for its invention. When in later days, on my return from deer-stalking, I

passed the house near which this strange meeting took place, left untenanted and desolate for twenty years or so in consequence, I could not help envying my father's good fortune, who, at least, had seen the man who saw the ghost. I have always remained one remove further off — a decided disadvantage. That was my position when, on the lovely lake of Haweswater, a worthy friend of mine told me how a man he knew, once fishing at midnight about midsummer under beautiful Wallercrag (where, it is well known, sleeps imprisoned the spirit of the Viscount Lonsdale of George the Second's time), heard a crashing sound as if the whole mountain were falling down on him, and fled, smashing his fishing-rod in a fall, and thenceforth forswearing fishing rather than run the risk of meeting the grim ghost, which he thought was then breaking its bounds. Those bounds were set to it with difficulty by a conclave of the clergy of the period; one of whom had pursued it up the river to the lake whence it flows, knocking his shins sadly against the stones in its rocky bed, but still manfully holding fast the Book of Common Prayer, and reading from it the passages which act as exorcisms.* When at last the spirit, so compelled, showed symptoms of resting beneath Wallercrag, the brave parson, jointly with several of his reverend brethren, intoned the final incantation, and bade the perturbed ghost rest where they laid him

For ever and ever and aye.

But a voice from the mountain-hollow mockingly echoed back, time after time, the spirit's ultimatum, —

No; for a year and a day.

And how far the assembled priests succeeded in making him desist from his counter-proposition remains to this day a little uncertain. At least my Haweswater friend knew a man (you see I never get nearer to the ghosts than that) who had many a time heard a carriage coming quickly down the steep bank on which Lowther Castle rises above the river of the same name, and held open the gate for it at the bottom as in duty bound. But he knew well that that carriage held an occupant who had no longer any business with this world; and, as he described the matter, "sometimes his coachman and his

horses had their heads on, but oftener they had not."

So much for ghosts. Then, as is well-known, the atmosphere of the English lakes is quite exceptionally favorable to poetic growths. Were not great poets born among us? have not great poets settled among us? was not our native poet a splendid exception to the rule which refuses honor at home to the genius of the soil? for I am credibly informed that his neighbors so revered him that they never ventured to form an opinion without consulting their oracle; so that a friend of mine told me with a certain comic exaggeration, "If you asked an Ambleside person if he thought it would be a fine day, he answered gravely, 'I have not yet heard what Mr. Wordsworth thinks of the matter.'" And under those stately forest trees, known to distant observers as the Lake school, you would expect to have found many sweet hawthorns and generally-pleasing bushes vocal with song, especially in the spring season. Doubtless such there were, but I have not been particularly fortunate in my researches for them. I have heard, indeed, of the now deceased pastor of a lonely dale, who used to say that as he rambled among the hills, thoughts much grander than anything in Shakespeare or in Milton were wont to come into his mind. But you see we have only his own word for it, as unluckily he did not take the trouble to commit them to paper. Then there was the virtuous Quaker, Mr. Wilkinson, owned by Wordsworth as a brother poet, and enshrined by him in imperishable verse. See a poem of his ("To the Spade of a Friend") beginning, —

Spade with which Wilkinson hath tilled his
land,
And shaped these pleasant walks by Eamont
side.

Possessing, as I do a couplet by the aforesaid Wilkinson which I believe to be as yet unpublished, I hasten to present it to my readers as a specimen of our poetic undergrowth. He lived, as might be inferred from Wordsworth's poem, by a lovely river, the Eamont. He found, as other riversiders do, that lovely rivers can play mischievous tricks, when the walks, here immortalized, which he had contrived beside it, were washed away in a flood. Whereupon he indited this touching address to the naughty Naïad: —

Eamont, I wish — I will not say "I pray,"
Thou wouldst not wash my little works away.

* What those passages are, most unfortunately I do not know, or I would point them out for spiritualist friends.

The caution with which the worthy man steered clear of any profane or idolatrous invocation to the kelpie, water-sprite nymph, or, whatsoever being might be ignorantly presumed to be the presiding deity of the river he was apostrophizing, seems to me deserving of all praise. Prejudice apart, is this couplet which I here rescue from obscurity so very much worse than some of Wordsworth's own lines? For I, who was not born at Ambleside, but on the northern side of the Kirkstone Pass, who only saw the poet once, when I was a child and he a fine, grey-haired, benevolent-looking old man, think him great in spite of, not because of, his poetic theories, and dare not call a weed a moss-rose because I have found it growing in his garden. I think an elderly man, who described to me the trouble he twice got into on Wordsworth account, only deserved it in the sense in which those who dare to be wiser than the men of their day deserve to smart for it. "When I used to go to Holland House first," he said, "they were in the habit of laughing at Wordsworth's poems. I told them that he was a great genius, and they called me a fool for my pains. Some years later they were enlightened: a good critic persuaded the coterie to read Wordsworth for themselves, and they fell into raptures with him. 'A very great poet,' I said to these new converts; 'but you know that he has written some lines which, I must confess, are sad stuff.' They called me a fool again!"

The generation which produced Wordsworth has long passed away; the generation which knew him is fast following it; and I fear that the Epigoni of the lakes have yet their spurs to win.

Children are no doubt influenced by the beauties of nature, but they do not think about them, far less reason about their effect upon the mind. So if I wrote verses when very young, I do not ascribe it to the fact that I lived then two miles from the foot of one of the loveliest of lakes. I know now how beautiful it is: in those days I possibly did not understand it much better than does the average tourist, who is to be seen gazing sadly on its waters (the English seldom look cheerful on a tour), and descending it with eye carefully averted from its best points, which are naturally at its head, while he looks steadily towards our one weak point, a low, dumpy sort of hill near the place whence the imprisoned lake-waters make their exit towards the sea. Such benighted people are to be found, after

their return from their travels, declaiming against my beloved lake, or, yet more offensively, offering it their unintelligent commendations. In its name I reject both their phrase and their blame, and most emphatically the former; beseeching them, if they ever revisit it, to bear in mind these two facts, a remembrance of which may possibly do them some good on other lakes beside: first, that the waters of a lake seldom force their way out of it by the base of its highest hills—the grand Pass of Brander from Loch Awe is the exception, not the rule—and that therefore it is usually best to begin your survey of a lake at its outflow, and row steadily up it to its head; secondly, that the high mountains which appear to you to be at the head of a lake when you are low down it, are probably looking at you over the shoulder of others lower than themselves, but still high enough to screen them, perhaps completely, when you are actually at the head of the lake, and that therefore about half-way up you are likely to have your grandest view. My lake changes incessantly; it is, as it were, three lakes in one; and the tourist who even gets a fair notion of its varied beauties from one progress up it must be exceptionally qualified to discern them. I do not think those beauties had much to do with my first poem. The grey towers of the old castle near our parish church, and the perusal of "Ivanhoe" during the Christmas holidays in which my ninth birthday fell, were the proximate causes of my determining shortly after to write a play, to be entitled "The Siege of D'Arcy Castle."* My plot was a simple one. I provided Lord D'Arcy with a favorite daughter, Berengaria, named after King Richard's wife, whose speciality was to be the housewifery, as I remember rather vividly indicating by making her father complain, when she hastily left him to prepare some jelly,—

What! always at her creams and pastries —
Never a word for me.

Then Lady D'Arcy had a favorite child of her own, Matilda—a correct name as I knew by the conqueror's wife—whose ill-temper and general unpleasantness left her mother's preference much unjustified; while my heroine, the third daughter, the Lady Rowena (I need not stop to explain where I got *that* name from), was nobody's favorite but that of Sir Guy of Warwick, a knight-errant, I presume, on a visit to

* D'Arcy is not the old castle's name, but it is something like it.

the castle, whom each parent proposes as a husband for his or her favorite child.

But, my dearest mother,
Has *he* proposed?

I recollect making Matilda ask fretfully, but not unreasonably, of Lady D'Arcy, while she is developing her pet scheme to her. I think I rather shirked any love-making between Guy and the true object of his affections, Rowena, from not exactly knowing what things were usually said by lovers. But I intended to bring some ferocious Scottish chieftain or other against the castle in the second act (I only contemplated three), who, being slain by Sir Guy in single combat in the third, might entitle that courageous but bashful champion to declare his real attachment and secure the hand of Rowena from the gratitude of her rescued parents. Unhappily, however, I found the fighting more unmanageable than the love-making. That compendious stage-direction, "Alarums and Excursions," fills up little room, and did not suggest to me much appropriate dialogue, and so I collapsed ignominiously in the beginning of the second act. I might not even have got so far as that if I had not hit on the ingenious expedient of making Rowena go off and consult an aged hermit on her future fortunes. I think his answer was very encouraging, only perhaps rather injudicious in the way of anticipating the end too much for the interest of the audience; but what I particularly recollect is a correction which I made for the sake of propriety. Rowena reaches the cell in a thunder-storm, and the hermit at first hospitably addressed her with, —

Lady, take off these garments,
So wetted by the storm;

but after-reflection convinced me that for a lady to undress herself in a hermit's presence would be indecorous, and I therefore changed the invitation, and risked my heroine's taking cold, by the words, —

Lady, *now* dry these garments, etc.

Some three years later I got on better with a narrative poem, called "The Knight and the Enchantress." After the lapse of more than thirty years I have just been reading it again, and I find it quite a respectable imitation of the inferior portions of Scott's poems. I had learned before I wrote it to rhyme correctly. I recollect having serious misgivings as to the admis-

sibility of rhymes such as "love" and "move," where the same letters are not sounded alike, and feeling satisfied on the point by discovering similar rhymes in Pope. Want of space, or rather the discovery that this early effort of my muse is neither good enough to please, nor bad enough to divert my readers, compels me to offer them no specimen of it; nor yet shall I trouble them with any account of a rather more successful endeavor than my first to honor my favorite D'Arcy Castle by a poem in ballad measure, describing its lady's distress, at the reported death of her husband in the Holy Land, and her deliverance by his unhopèd-for return, at the moment when an ill-behaved neighbor was forcing his unwelcome suit upon her at the sword's point. But, though I readily consign these early poems to oblivion now, I know that I was very proud of them when I wrote them, as these two stanzas out of four caused by some slight display of jealousy on the part of a young friend (who had written no verses, and, like myself, imagined that writing them conferred distinction) will show: —

Take back the too enrapturing lyre;
Muse! I thy gift return.
Quench in my breast the poet's fire —
It lightens, it must burn.

The laurel wreath of fame is bright,
To win it once I strove;
It came, but withered each delight,
Each gentle flower of love.

Pretty well for thirteen! Of course, if some one had asked me whether these lines were spoken in my own person, I should not have dared to say yes; but I know that I meant them of myself. When I so expressed myself, I was either girding myself up for, or else I had just finished, a great enterprise, to which I cannot now refer without a smile, but which I know seemed to me unspeakably important at the time. It was nothing less than a grand historical tragedy. Harold was its title, and its theme the eve and day of the battle of Hastings. For by this time I had learned French, and read, in one of Racine's prefaces to his tragedies, of Aristotle's rules and the unity of time and place. I determined to observe them as closely as I could, encouraging myself, where deviations might seem expedient, by the recollection that Shakespeare had not observed them at all. I remember carefully studying one or two of his plays as models, but feeling that I dared not undertake so wide a canvas, and that I

had better stick to Racine's method as more easy. My other preparation was a diligent perusal of Thierry's "Norman Conquest," then a very popular book; and, so provided, I set cheerfully to work, in the full belief that I was on the road to occupy a very decently high niche in the temple of fame.

Edith, the swan-necked, was the heroine of my drama, in comparison with whose sorrows I fear the anguish of the defeated army and enslaved nation weighed but little with me; though I strove to do it likewise such justice as was in my power. My Edith was, I need not say, a highly correct young person, beloved by Harold, and possessing a ring as his troth-plight. But, faithless to this solemn engagement, in obedience to imperious state exigencies, Harold, by advice of his mother Githa, weds another in her place, the lady known to me and M. Thierry as Alghitha, but who figures, I think, on Mr. Freeman's pages by the (doubtless correct but) fearful and wonderful name Ælfgyth, just as he remorselessly replaces our pretty Edith by Eadgyth. Now Alghitha (as we used to call her) was sister to two mighty earls, who ought to have been a great support to their brother-in-law; and my idea was to represent Harold as marrying her entirely in order to secure their fidelity, but as still loving Edith so much, that, at a chance sight of her, he is ready to risk crown and life rather than be unfaithful to her. I had two scenes, in one of which the scheming Githa prevails on the gentle maiden to sacrifice herself for Harold's good, and leave the ring by which she had meant to reclaim him in his mother's hands; and a second, in which that artful dame prevails on her penitent son to repent of his repentance, by making him believe that Edith had deserted him for Oswald, a nobleman of his court, and destined Harold's ring for her new lover. Under this false representation, Harold proceeds to wed Alghitha literally the night before that decisive battle which Mr. Freeman is teaching us to call the battle of Senlac, and into which night a regard for those misleading unities made me cram all the events aforesaid; not to speak of a scene between Alghitha herself and a discarded lover, Eldred, whom I kindly provided beforehand that he might be able to guard, and in due time to forgive and wed, that luckless, widowed bride. Certainly the chorus of maidens arranged by me to sing the charms of Alghitha and the splendor of her jewellery and attire in strains like these —

Glistening pearls thy vest adorn,
Shining like the dew of morn;
Crimson spangled o'er with gold
Falls thy mantle's gorgeous fold;
Diamonds there shed radiant light,
Emeralds and sapphires bright, —

would have been rather in the way of Harold's grim warriors preparing for the life-and-death struggle of the morrow; and I fear Alghitha's finery could have found but few admirers at so busy a moment. But I think history does tell us that our English forefathers mingled rather too much merriment with their more serious preparations, and that, while the Normans were getting shriven, they were drinking ale; so perhaps the introduction of a bride-ale was not so utterly incongruous. Still, the fourth scene of my second act, which depicts the wedding-guests ranged round the banquet-table engaged in making each other addresses in stilted language, and in listening to somewhat tame war-songs, strikes me now as exceeding the bounds of permissible poetic license. Especially its conclusion, in which, after listening to a good deal of melodious twaddle from Hilda (a certain prophetess, who has intruded herself unbidden into the royal tent to predict Harold's downfall as the punishment of his broken faith), the king hears a messenger announce that

The Norman host, that silently in prayer
Have passed the night, now marshall their
array;

and calmly answers, —

Then must we go forth,
Nor fear the event, since righteous is our
cause;

suggests a comparison, which I know I was far from intending, with Harold's predecessor on the English throne, Ethelred the Unready. For the matter of that, however, I find that I made the Normans advance at as leisurely a pace as the slowest adversaries could desire; for, setting both armies in presence in scene the fifth, and opening it by a short harangue of William to his troops, I gave Harold time afterwards to say farewell to his mother, to have a long whispered conversation with his confidant Oswald, and to animate his warriors by a speech of forty-one lines, without the smallest disturbance on the part of his obliging enemies. I am glad to see by that speech (I may observe) that I had proper notions in my childhood of the elective nature of the English crown in its origin; for I see that I made Harold tell his men, —

Me have you *chosen* to defend your rights,
And, with the help of Heaven, I will till
death!

I am also much pleased to find that I made poor old Githa express in a soliloquy the deepest remorse for the very white lies (as many modern dowagers would call them) which she told her son, to keep him firm to an advantageous alliance. In fact, the generally virtuous and high-minded sentiments which I find diffused through the play are very edifying; though the evil forebodings freely indulged in by most of the characters have a depressing effect on the mind, and must have gone far to fulfil themselves.

When the much-delayed fight could be adjourned no longer, I see that I was quite up to the expedient of making two persons watch it from afar, and of enabling the audience to see it with their eyes. Only I fear that my consideration for my audience equalled that of the renowned Puff in "The Critic;" and that, just as his Raleigh and Hatton discourse far more for the good of the spectators than for their own, so when my Edith quits the convent, where she had hidden her sorrows, to view the fight, yet declares herself unable to look steadfastly at the battle which rages in the distance, the marvellous insight into its varied fortunes with which her sister Elfrida is endowed is a gift rather to be desired than expected in any young lady similarly situated. The act ends by their retiring from the field on a false report of the victory of the English. My third and last act opened by showing Harold, disappointed of succor from his new-made brother-in-law, and hard pressed by his foes, still finding time to commend his lost Edith to Oswald's care (her supposed new lover), and to learn from him the truth of her unbroken faith to himself. With strong expressions of grief and remorse he meets the fatal arrow, and dies exclaiming, —

I shall not live to see my country's chains,
Or to bewail the loss of Edith's love.

That excellent young person's lamentations, when the tidings of Harold's death reach her, are, I regret to say, somewhat wanting in passion. However, she remains at her post, refusing to fly with Oswald and Elfrida, to whom that obliging young man has consented to transfer his affections. I may remark that this is not the only young couple whom I, with some ingenuity, contrived to make happy amidst their country's wreck. Alghitha, after rather a spirited scene with her mother-in-

law, is rescued from the Norman soldiers by her still faithful Eldred. I recollect that I felt it due to my readers to alleviate their anguish on behalf of Edith and Harold by at least two underplots that ended well. And having got through my battle with singularly little effusion of blood — Harold's death and that of the soldier from whom Alghitha was rescued being the only two recorded — I could employ a larger number of my *corps dramatique* in the task of burying the dead than could the great anonymous author of "Pyramus and Thisbe," who, you will remember, leaves no one to discharge the duty but Lion and Moonshine. I, agreeably to history, had Githa ready to enter William's tent (like aged Priam) and beg the body of her son from the conqueror. But before her entrance, not liking to leave him in undisturbed enjoyment of his hour of victory, I brought in once more the irrepressible Hilda to foretell to the proud Norman the unquiet life and insecure grave which awaited him, with the ills that were to befall his sons. Whether William's fierce refusal at first to allow the burial of the man who broke the oath he swore to him on the holy relics should be ascribed to the irritation produced in his mind by Hilda's well-meant but wearisome effusion, or whether rather his final permission to Githa to inter her son's body was wrung from him by wholesome terror of Hilda's dark picture of his future, I leave for the consideration of others. At all events, my play closed with the battle-field, dimly lighted by the torches of Githa's train, while she vainly searches it for the body of her son. Edith enters after a while and succeeds in finding the slain Harold. Githa bespeaks his brief epitaph, "Harold Infelix," and then dies beside her son. But Edith lives to lead the mournful procession which bears the dead mother with the dead son to her own convent refuge. I know that I strove hard to bring out the pathos of my closing scene. I perhaps did not wholly fail when I made Edith say of her dead lover, that to herself "his voice o'erpowers the music of the world;" but I see that nature was too strong for me. I could not know at thirteen how lovers love. A mother's love I had enjoyed; and so, while I made the forsaken Edith say a good deal that was more or less to the purpose, I made the bereaved Githa say little and die.

Schiller, in an earlier play than that which contains his self-sacrificing Thecla (whom I remember childishly thinking I

would copy when I made Edith resign Harold for his own good), bids a hero reverence the dreams of his youth. I feel just a little remorse at having invited the public here to laugh at some of mine. Still, I hope it has been harmless fun for both them and me. I do not think I was the worse for having tried so hard to write verses in my childhood, and rather believe that having done so may have helped me to the many hours of happiness which I have enjoyed from that day to this with Spenser or Shakespeare, Dante or the Greek poets before me. And you, my reader, be frank and confess that in your earlier years you were as foolish if not so industrious as I, and if you did not undertake great historical plays, yet wrote lyrics which you thought very charming at the time, and read aloud to an audience, "fit though few," which applauded you to the echo. Or if the pleasing madness never seized you—for sometimes these things do skip one generation—take one of your sons aside and ask him to tell you in strict confidence whether in moments snatched from the serious business of life, such as cricket and football, he too, is not preparing himself to write a tragedy by diligent study of, shall we say, Freeman's "Norman Conquest," and "Strafford: an Historical Drama," by John Sterling?

If so, have the goodness to tell him, with my compliments, that "The Finding of the Body of Harold" is now an interdicted subject to poets as well as to painters, having been done as well as is possible by a person of tender years long before he was born; and that if he doubts my word and proceeds in his rash enterprise, I may revenge myself upon him by even yet publishing "Harold" *in extenso*; but that, if he will oblige me by moving on to "The Death of Rufus," or "Murder of Thomas à Becket," and send me his tragedy, I may, not impossibly, review it rather more favorably than I have done my own; for we know, on excellent authority, that severe critics are authors who have failed themselves; and how could I bear, by injudicious severity towards another, to confess that my own "Harold" was after all a failure?

From Fraser's Magazine.

AN ENGLISH HOMESTEAD.

It is easy to pass along a country road without observing half of the farmhouses, so many being situated at a distance from

the highway, and others hidden by the thick hedges and the foliage of the trees. This is especially the case in districts chiefly occupied in pasture-farming, meadow-land being usually found along the banks of rivers, on broad, level plains, or in slightly undulating prairie-like country. A splendid belt of meadows often runs at the base of the chalk hills, where the springs break out; and it is here that some of the most beautiful pastoral scenery is to be found.

By the side of the highway there are gates at intervals in the close-cropped hedge—kept close-cropped by the strict orders of the road-surveyors—giving access to the green fields, through which runs a wagon-track, apparently losing itself in the grass. This track will take the explorer to a farmhouse. It is not altogether pleasant to drive over in a spring trap, as the wheels jolt in the hard ruts, and the springs are shaken in the deep furrows, the vehicle going up and down like a boat upon the waves. Why there should be such furrows in a meadow is a question that naturally arises in the mind. Whether it be mown with the scythe or the mowing-machine, it is of advantage to have the surface of the field as nearly as possible level; and it is therefore most probable that these deep furrows had their origin at a period when a different state of things prevailed, when the farmer strove to grow as much wheat as possible, and devoted every acre that he dared break up to the plough. Many of these fields were ill adapted for the growth of corn, the soil unsuitable and liable to be partially flooded; consequently as soon as the market was opened, and the price of wheat declined, so that rapid fortunes could no longer be made by it, the fields were allowed to return to their natural condition. No trouble was taken to relevel the land, and the furrows remain silent witnesses to the past. They are useful as drains it is true; but, being so broad, the water only passes off slowly and encourages the rough grass and "bull-polls" to spring up, which are as uneatable by cattle as the Australian spinifex.

The wagon-track is not altogether creditable to the farmer, who would, one would have thought, have had a good road up to his house at all events. It is very wide, and in damp weather every one who drives along it goes further and further out into the grass to find a firm spot, till as much space is rendered barren as by one of the great hedges, now so abominated. The expense of laying down stone is consider-

able in some localities where the geological formation does not afford quarries; yet even then there is a plan, simple in itself, but rarely resorted to, by which a great saving in outlay may be effected. Any one who will look at a cart-track will see that there are three parallel marks left by the passage of the cart upon the ground. The two outside ruts are caused by the wheels, and between these is a third beaten in by the hoofs of the horse. The plan consists in placing stone, broken up small, not across the whole width of the track, but in these three ruts only; for it is in these ruts alone that the wear takes place, and, if the ground were firm there, no necessity would exist to go farther into the field. To be thoroughly successful, a trench, say six or eight inches wide, and about as deep, should be cut in the place of each rut, and these trenches macadamized. Grass grows freely in the narrow green strips between the ruts, and the track has something of the appearance of a railroad. It is astonishing how long these metals, as it were, will last, when once well put down; and the track has a neat, effective look. The foot-passenger is as much benefited as the tenant of the field. In wet weather he walks upon the macadamized strip dryshod, and in summer upon either of the grass-strips, easily and comfortably, without going out into the mowing-grass to have the pleasure of turf under his feet.

These deep furrows are also awkward to cross with heavy loads of hay or straw, and it requires much skill to build a load able to withstand the severe jolting and lurching. Some of the worst are often filled up with a couple of large faggots in the harvest season. These tracks run by the side of the hedge, and the ditches are crossed by bridges or "docks." The last gate opens into a small field surrounded with a high, thick, hawthorn hedge, itself a thing of beauty in May and June, first with the May blossom, and afterwards with the delicate-tinted dog or wild roses. A spreading ash-tree stands on either side of the gateway, from which on King Charles's day the ploughboys carefully select small branches, those with the leaves evenly arranged, instead of odd numbers, to place in their hats. Tall elm-trees grow close together in the hedge and upon the "shore" of the ditch, enclosing the place in a high wall of foliage. In the branches are the rooks' nests, built of small twigs apparently thrown together, and yet so firmly intertwined as to stand the swaying of the treetops in the rough

blasts of winter. In the spring the rook builds a second nest on the floor of the old one, and this continues till five or six successive layers may be traced; and when at last some ruder tempest strews the grass with its ruin, there is enough wood to fill a bushel basket.

The dovecote is fixed in the fork of one of the larger elms, where the trunk divides into huge boughs, each the size of a tree; and in the long rank grass near the hedge the backs of a black Berkshire pig or two may be seen like porpoises rolling in the green sea. Here and there an ancient apple-tree, bent down and bowed to the very ground with age, offers a mossy, shady seat upon one of its branches which has returned to the earth from which it sprung. Some wooden posts grown green and lichen-covered, standing at regular intervals, show where the housewife dries her linen. Right before the very door a great horsechestnut-tree rears itself in all the beauty of its thousands of blossoms, hiding half the house. A small patch of ground in front is railed in with wooden palings to keep out the pigs, and poultry, and dogs—for almost every visitor brings with him one or more dogs—and in this narrow garden grow velvety wall-flowers, cloves, pinks, shrubs of lavender, and a few herbs which are useful for seasoning. The house is built of brick; but the color is toned down by age, and against the wall a pear-tree is trained upon one side, and upon the other a cherry-tree, so that at certain seasons one may rise in the morning and gather the fresh fruit from the window. The lower windows were once latticed; but the old frames have been replaced with the sash which, if not so picturesque, affords more light, and most old farmhouses are deficient in the supply of light. The upper windows remain latticed still. The red tiles of the roof are dull with lichen and the beating of the weather; and the chimney, if looked at closely, is full of tiny holes—it is where the leaden pellets from guns fired at the mischievous starlings have struck the bricks. A pair of doves perched upon the roof-tree coo amorously to each other, and a thin streak of blue smoke rises into the still air.

The door is ajar, or wide open. There is no fear here of thieves, or street-boys throwing stones into the hall. Excepting in rain or rough wind and at night that front door will be open almost all the summer long. When shut at night it is fastened with a wooden bar passing across the whole width of the door, and fitting

into iron staples on each post — a simple contrivance, but very strong and not easily tampered with. Many of the interior doors still open with the old thumb-latch; but the piece of shoe-string to pull and lift it is now relegated to the cottages, and fast disappearing even there before brass-handled locks. This house is not old enough to possess the nail-studded door of solid oak and broad stone-built porch of some farmhouses still occasionally to be found, and which date from the sixteenth century. The porch here simply projects about two feet, and is supported by trellis-work, up which the honeysuckle has been trained. A path of stone slabs leads from the palings up to the threshold, and the hall within is paved with similar flags. The staircase is opposite the doorway, narrow, and guiltless of oilcloth or carpeting; and with reason, for the tips and nails of the heavy boots which tramp up and down it would speedily wear carpets into rags. There is a door at the bottom of the staircase closed at night. By the side of the staircase is a doorway which leads into the dairy — two steps lower than the front of the house.

The sitting-room is on the left of the hall, and the floor is of the same cold stone flags, which in damp weather become wet and slimy. These flags, in fact, act as a barometer, and foretell rain with great accuracy, as it were perspiring with latent moisture at its approach. The chimney was originally constructed for a wood fire upon the hearth, and of enormous size, so that several sides of bacon could be hung up inside to be smoke-dried. The fireplace was very broad, so that huge logs could be thrown at once upon the fire with very little trouble of sawing them short. Since coal has come into general use, and wood grown scarce, the fireplace has been partly built up and an iron grate inserted, which looks out of place in so large a cavity. The curious firedogs, upon which the wood was thrown, may still, perhaps, be found up-stairs in some corner of the lumber-room. On the mantelpiece are still preserved, well-polished and bright, the several pieces of the "jack" or cooking apparatus; and a pair of great brazen candlesticks ornament it at each end. A leaden or latten tobacco-bowl, a brazen pestle and mortar, and half a dozen odd figures in china, are also scattered upon it, surmounted by a narrow looking-glass. In one corner stands an old eight-day clock with a single hour hand — minute hands being a modern improvement; but it is silent, and its duties are performed

by an American timepiece supported upon a bracket against the wall. Up-stairs, however, upon the landing a similar ancient piece of clock-making still ticks solemn and slow with a ponderous melancholy. The centre of the room is occupied with an oaken table, solid and enduring, but inconvenient to sit at; and upon each side of the fireplace is a stiff-backed arm-chair. A ledge under the window forms a pleasant seat in summer. Before the fireplace is a rug, the favorite resort of the spaniels and cats. The rest of the floor used to be bare; but of late years a square of cocoanut matting has been laid down. A cumbrous piece of furniture takes up almost half of one side — not known in modern manufactories. It is of oak, rudely polished, and inlaid with brass. At the bottom are great deep drawers, pulled open with brass rings ornamented with dogs' heads. In these drawers are kept cow-drenches; bottles of oils for the wounds which cattle sometimes get from nails or kicks; dog-whips and pruning-knives; a shot-belt and a powder-flask; an old horse-pistol; a dozen odd stones or fossils picked up upon the farm and kept as curiosities; twenty or thirty old almanacs, and a file of the county paper for forty years; and a hundred similar odds and ends. Above the drawers comes a desk with a few pigeon-holes; a desk little used, for the farmer is less of a literary turn than almost any other class. The pigeon-holes are stuffed full of old papers, recipes for cattle medicines, and, perhaps, a book of divinity or sermons printed in the days of Charles II., leather-covered and worm-eaten. Still higher are a pair of cupboards where china, the teaset, and the sugar and groceries in immediate use are kept. On the top, which is three or four inches under the ceiling, are two or three small brown-paper parcels of grass seeds, and a variety of nondescript articles. Opposite, on the other wall, and close above the chimney-piece, so as to be kept dry, is the gun-rack with two double-barrels, a long single-barrel duck gun, and a cavalry sabre, worn once a year by a son of the house who goes out to training in the yeomanry.

There are a few pictures, not of a high class — three or four prints depicting Dick Turpin's ride to York, and a colored sketch of some steeplechase winner, or a copy of a well-known engraving representing a feat accomplished many years ago at a farm. A flock of sheep were shorn, the wool carded and spun, and a coat made of it, and worn by the flock-owner,

and all in one day. From this room a door opens into the cellar and pantry, partly underground, and reached by three or four steps.

On the other side of the hall is the parlor, which was originally floored, like the sitting-room, with stone flags, since taken up and replaced by boards. This is carpeted, and contains a comfortable old-fashioned sofa, horsehair chairs; and upon the side-tables may, perhaps, be found a few specimens of valuable old china, made to do duty as flower-vases, and filled with roses. The room has a fresh, sweet smell from the open window and the flowers. It tempts almost irresistibly to repose in the noontide heat of a summer's day.

Up-stairs there are two fair-sized bedrooms, furnished with four-post wooden bedsteads. The second flight of stairs, going up to the attic, has also a door at the foot. This house is built upon a simple but effective design, well calculated for the purposes to be served. It resembles two houses placed not end to end, as in a block, but side by side, and each part has a separate roof. Under the front roof, which is somewhat higher than the other, are the living-rooms of the family: sitting-room, parlor, bed-rooms, and attics, or servants' bedrooms. Under the lower roof are the offices, the cheese-loft, dairy, kitchen, cellar, and wood-house. Numerous doors give easy communication on each floor, so that the house consists of two distinct portions, and the business is kept quite apart from the living-rooms, and yet close to them. This is, perhaps, the most convenient manner in which a dairy farmhouse can be built; and the plan was undoubtedly the result of experience. Of course, in dairy-farming upon a very extended scale, or as a gentlemanly amusement, it would be preferable to have the offices entirely apart, and at some distance from the dwelling-house. These remarks apply to an ordinary farm of moderate size.

Leaving the hall by the door at the side of the staircase, two steps descend into the dairy, which is almost invariably floored with stone flags, even in localities where brick is used for the flooring of the sitting-room. The great object aimed at in the construction of the dairy was coolness, and freedom from dust as much as possible. The stone flags ensure a cool floor; and the windows always open to the north, so that neither the summer sunshine nor the warm southern winds can injuriously affect the produce. It is a long

open room, whitewashed, in the centre of which stands the cheese-tub, until lately invariably made of wood, but now frequently of tin, this material taking much less trouble to keep clean. The cheese-tub is large enough for a Roman lady's bath of milk. Against one wall are the whey-leads—shallow, long, and broad vessels of wood, lined with lead, supported two or three feet above the floor, so that buckets can be placed underneath. In these "leads" the whey is kept, and drawn off by pulling up a wooden plug. Under the "leads"—as out of the way—are some of the great milk-pans into which the milk is poured. Pussy sometimes dips her nose into these, and whittens her whiskers with cream. At one end of the room is the cheese-press. The ancient press, with its complicated arrangement of long iron levers weighted at the end something like a steelyard and drawn up by cords and pulleys, has been taken down, and lies discarded in the lumber-room. The pressure in the more modern machine is obtained from a screw. The rennet-vat is perhaps hidden behind the press, and there are piles of the cheese-moulds or vats beside it, into which the curd is placed when fit to be compressed into the proper shape and consistency. All the utensils here are polished, and clean to the last degree: without extreme cleanliness success in cheese or butter making cannot be achieved. The windows are devoid of glass; they are really wind-doors, closed when necessary, with a shutter on hinges like a cupboard door. Cats and birds are prevented from entering by means of wire screens—like a coarse netting of wire—and an upright iron bar keeps out more dangerous thieves. There is a copper for scalding milk. When in good order there is scarcely any odor in a dairy, notwithstanding the decidedly strong smell of some of the materials employed: free egress of air and perfect cleanliness takes off all but the faintest *astringent* flavor. In summer it is often the custom of dairy-maids to leave buckets full of water standing under the "leads" or elsewhere out of the way, or a milk-pan is left with water in it, to purify the atmosphere. Water, it is well known, has a remarkable power of preventing the air from going "dead" as it were. A model dairy should have a small fountain in some convenient position, with a jet constantly playing. The state of the atmosphere has the most powerful effect upon the contents of the dairy, especially during times of electrical tension.

To the right of the dairy is the brew-house, now rarely used for the purpose implied in its name, though the tubs, and coolers, and other "plant" necessary for the process are still preserved. Here there is a large copper also; and the oven often opens on to the brewhouse. In this place the men have their meals. Next to it is the wood-house used for the storage of the wood required for immediate use, and which must be dry; and beyond that the kitchen where the fire is still upon the hearth, though coal is mixed with the logs and faggots. Along the whole length of this side of the house there is a paved or pitched courtyard enclosed by a low brick wall, with one or two gates opening upon the paths which lead to the rickyards and the stalls. The buttermilk and refuse from the dairy runs by a channel cut in the stone across the court into a vault or well sunk in the ground, from whence it is dipped for the pigs. The vault is closed at the mouth by a heavy wooden lid. There is a well and pump for water here; sometimes with a windlass when the well is deep. If the water be low or out of condition it is fetched in yokes from the nearest running stream. The acid or "eating" power of the buttermilk, etc., may be noted in the stones, which in many places are scooped or hollowed out. A portion of the court is roofed in and is called the "skilling." It is merely covered in without walls, the roof supported upon oaken posts. Under this the buckets are placed to dry after being cleaned, and here the churn may often be seen. A separate staircase, rising from the dairy, gives access to the cheese-loft. It is an immense apartment, reaching from one end of the house to the other, and as lofty as the roof will permit, for it is not ceiled. The windows are like those of the dairy. Down the centre are long double shelves sustained upon strong upright beams, tier upon tier from the floor as high as the arms can conveniently reach. Upon these shelves the cheese is stored, each lying upon its side; and, as no two cheeses are placed one upon the other until quite ready for eating, a ton or two occupies a considerable space while in process of drying. They are also placed in rows upon the floor, which is made exceptionally strong, and supported upon great beams to bear the weight. The scales used to be hung from a beam overhead, and consisted of an iron bar, at each end of which a square board was slung with ropes—one board to pile up the cheese on, and the other for the counterpoise of weights. These rude

and primitive scales are now generally superseded by modern and more accurate instruments, weighing to a much smaller fraction. Stone half-hundredweights and stone quarters were in common use not long since. A cheese-loft, when full, is a noble sight of its kind, and represents no little labor and skill. When sold, the cheese is carefully packed in the cart with straw to prevent its being injured. The oil or grease from the cheese gradually works its way into the shelves and floor, and even into the staircase, till the wood-work seems saturated with it. Rats and mice are the pests of the loft; and so great is their passion for cheese that neither cats, traps, nor poison can wholly repress these invaders, against whom unceasing war is waged. The starlings—who, if the roof be of thatch, as it is in many farmhouses, make their nests in it—occasionally carry their holes right through, and are unmercifully exterminated when they venture within reach, or they would quickly let the rain and the daylight in.

As the dairy and offices face the north, so the front of the house—the portion used for domestic purposes—has a southern aspect which experience has proved to be healthy. But at the same time, despite its compactness and general convenience, there are many defects in the building—defects chiefly of a sanitary character. It is very doubtful if there are any drains at all. Even though the soil be naturally dry, the ground floor is almost always cold and damp. The stone flags are themselves cold enough, and are often placed upon the bare earth. The threshold is on a level with the ground outside, and sometimes a step lower, and in wet weather the water penetrates to the hall. There is another disadvantage. If the door be left open, which it usually is, frogs, toads, and creeping things generally, sometimes make their way in though ruthlessly swept out again; and an occasional snake from the long grass at the very door is an unpleasant, though perfectly harmless, visitor. The floor should be raised a foot or so above the level of the earth, and some provision made against the damp by a layer of concrete or something of the kind. If not, even if boards be substituted for the flags, they will soon decay. It often happens that farmhouses upon meadow land are situated on low ground, which in winter is saturated with water which stands in the furrows, and makes the foot-paths leading to the house impassable except to water-tight boots. This must,

and undoubtedly does, affect the health of the inmates, and hence probably the prevalence of rheumatism. The site upon which the house stands should be so drained as to carry off the water. Some soils contract to an appreciable extent in a continuance of drought, and expand in an equal degree with wet—a fact apparent to any one who walks across a field where the soil is clay in a dry time, when the deep, wide cracks cannot be overlooked. Alternate swelling and contraction of the earth under the foundations of a house produce a partial dislocation of the brick-work, and hence it is common enough to see cracks running up the walls. Had the site been properly drained, and the earth consequently always dry, this would not have happened; and it is a matter of consideration for the landlord, who in time may find it necessary to shore up a wall with a buttress. The great difference in the temperature of a drained soil and an undrained one has often been observed, amounting sometimes to as much as twenty degrees—a serious matter where health is concerned. A foolish custom was observed in the building of many old farmhouses, *i.e.*, of carrying beams of wood across the chimney—a practice that has led to disastrous fires. The soot accumulates. These huge cavernous chimneys are rarely swept, and at last catch alight and smoulder for many days: presently fire breaks out in the middle of a room under which the beam passes.

Houses erected in blocks or in towns do not encounter the full force of the storms of winter to the same degree as a solitary farmhouse, standing a quarter or half a mile from any other dwelling. This is the reason why the old farmers planted elm-trees and encouraged the growth of thick hawthorn hedges close to the homestead. The north-east and the south-west are the quarters from whence most is to be dreaded: the north-east for the bitter wind which sweeps along and grows colder from the damp, wet meadows it passes over; and the south-west for the driving rain, lasting sometimes for days and weeks together. Trees and hedges break the force of the gales, and in summer shelter from the glaring sun.

The architectural arrangement of the farmhouse just described gives almost per-

fect privacy. Except visitors no one comes to the front door or passes unpleasantly close to the windows. Laborers and others all go to the courtyard at the back. The other plans upon which farmsteads are built are far from affording similar privacy. There are some which, in fact, are nothing but an enlarged and somewhat elongated cottage, with the dwelling-rooms at one end and the dairy and offices at the other, and the bedrooms over both. Everybody and everything brought to or taken from the place has to pass before the dwelling-room windows—a most unpleasant arrangement. Another style is square, with low stone walls white-washed, and thatched roof of immense height. Against it is a lean-to, the eaves of the roof of which are hardly three feet from the ground. So high-pitched a roof necessitates the employment of a great amount of woodwork, and the upper rooms have sloping ceilings. They may look picturesque from a distance, but are inconvenient and uncouth within, and admirably calculated for burning. A somewhat superior description is built in the shape of a carpenter's "square." The dwelling-rooms form, as it were, one house, and the offices, dairy, and cheese-loft are added on at one end at right angles. The courtyard is in the triangular space between. For some things this is a convenient arrangement; but there still remains the disagreeableness of the noise, and, at times, strong odors from the courtyard under the windows of the dwelling-house. Nearly all farmsteads have awkwardly low ceilings, which in a town would cause a close atmosphere, but are not so injurious in the open country with doors constantly ajar. In erecting a modern house this defect would, of course, be avoided. The great thickness of the walls is sometimes a deception; for in pulling down old buildings it is occasionally found that the interior of the wall is nothing but loose broken stones and bricks enclosed or rammed in between two walls. The staircases are generally one of the worst features of the old houses, being between a wall and a partition—narrow, dark, steep, and awkwardly placed, and without windows or handrails. These houses were obviously built for a people living much out of doors.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

SHORTLY after the appearance of Prof. Tyndall's work on glaciers, the Bologna professor, Bianconi, observed that, while Tyndall's experiments certainly prove that rapid changes of form in ice are due to crushing and to regelation, they do not prove at all that ice is devoid of a small degree of plasticity, which degree might be sufficient to explain the plasticity of glaciers. He undertook, therefore, a series of experiments (described and published in 1871 in the *Mem.* of the Acad. of Bologna, 3rd ser., vol. i.) on planks and bars of ice submitted to bending and torsion. The bending of ice-planks having been afterwards the subject of researches of Messrs. Mathews, Moseley, Tyndall, and Heim, it will suffice to say that Prof. Bianconi, making his experiments at higher temperatures (from plus 1° to plus 5° Cels.), observed a still greater plasticity of the ice than that obtained by the experiments made in England and Germany at lower temperatures. These experiments proved that slow changes of form of the ice may go on without any crushing and regelation, and that ice enjoys a certain degree of plasticity notwithstanding its brittleness; the ice-plank can, indeed, be shattered to pieces, during its bending, by the slightest shock. Now, Prof. Bianconi gives in the *Journal de Physique* for October the results of his further experiments on ice, much like those of Heim, or, yet more, those of M. Tresca on the puncheoning of metals. Granite pebbles and iron plates are slowly pressed into ice at the same temperatures, and not only do they penetrate into it as they would penetrate into a fluid or semi-fluid, but also the particles of ice are laterally repulsed from beneath the intruding body, and form around it a rising fringe. Moreover, when a flat piece of iron is pressed into the ice, the fringe rising around it expands laterally upon the borders of the piece, and tends thus, as in fluids, to fill up the cavity made by the body driven in. These experiments tend thus greatly to illustrate the plasticity of ice; but it would be very desirable that M. Bianconi, if he continues his researches, should accompany them by some measurements (as has already been done by M. Heim) in order to obtain numerical values of the plasticity of ice under various circumstances.

Nature.

WE have to announce with great regret the death of another martyr to science. In a letter, dated September 15, the Rev. S. McFarlane writes from Somerset, Cape York: "We have just heard of the massacre of Dr. James and his partner, a Swede, at Yule Island by the natives of New Guinea. They had gone in their large boat to the east side of Hall Sound to shoot birds of paradise, when they were attacked by three canoes, and both white men were killed. The native crew managed to get away in the boat, and brought the sad news

here." Dr. James was a young American who had been collecting objects of natural history in Yule Island and on the opposite shores of New Guinea. His first collections arrived in this country about a fortnight ago, having been sent over by his friend, Dr. Alfred Roberts, of Sydney, to whose liberality the expedition was greatly indebted. The excellent way in which the specimens are preserved and the careful notes given by the collector show that Dr. James was enthusiastic in his work, and it is melancholy to think that so promising a scientific career has been thus prematurely cut short. A description of the collection of birds formed by the late traveller will be given by Mr. Bowdler Sharpe at an early meeting of the Linnean Society, in continuation of the articles on the avifauna of New Guinea, commenced during the last session of the society.

Nature.

SCINTILLATION OF THE STARS. — M. Montigny has continued his researches on this subject with especial reference to the influence of the approach of rain on the twinkling of the stars. Eighteen hundred observations referring to seventy stars have been discussed, two hundred and thirty nights having been devoted to this work with the scintillometer, already described in these columns. The conclusions at which M. Montigny arrives are as follows:—1. At all times of the year the scintillation is more marked under the influence of rain. 2. Under all circumstances it is more marked in winter than in summer, and also in spring than in autumn for wet weather; in dry weather the spring and autumn are nearly equal in this respect. 3. Scintillation varies with the atmospheric refraction. 4. The approach of rain, and especially its continuance, affect the intensity of scintillation. 5. The amount of rain is always greater on the second of two days than on the first, but it is less in winter than in summer, and the more marked scintillation in winter results, therefore, from the increased density of the air due to the low temperature and high barometer. Similar conclusions are arrived at by grouping together the observations according to the intensity of scintillation, eighty-six per cent. of the days with very marked scintillation being under the influence of rain. The twinkling of the stars appears also to be very marked in windy weather, and strong scintillation is a sign of an approaching storm, the colors being more decided in the case of rain, and accompanied by irregularities in the image. It is to be remarked that this is the case notwithstanding the fall in the barometer corresponding to a decrease in the density of the air, which would naturally diminish the scintillation. As might be expected, the altitude at which twinkling first becomes sensible is increased by the approach of rain.

Academy.